THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

The Oldest Literary and Family Paper in the United States.—Founded August 4, A. D. 1821.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1878, in the Office of the Librarian of Congress.

Vol. LVII. PUBLICATION OFFICE, No. 726 Sansom Street. PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, MARCH 16, 1878. $2.00 a Year in Advance, With Double Premium. No. 34.

APPLES GROWING.

BY WILL CARLETON.

Underneath an apple tree
Sat a dame of comely seeming,
With her work upon her knee,
And her great eyes idly dreaming.
O'er the harvest-acres bright,
Came her husband's din of reaping;
Near to her, an infant wight
Through the tangled grass was creeping.

On the branches long and high,
And the great green apples growing,
Rested she her wandering eye,
With a retrospective knowing.
"This," she said, "the shelter is,
Where, when gay and raven-headed,
I consented to be his,
And our willing hearts were wedded.

"Laughing words and peals of mirth,
Long are changed to grave endeavour;
Sorrow's winds have swept to earth
Many a blossomed hope forever.
Thunder-heads have hovered o'er—
Storms my path have chilled and shaded;
Of the bloom my gay youth bore,
Some has fruited—more has faded."

Quickly, and amid her sighs,
Through the grass her baby wrestled,
Smiled on her its father's eyes,
And unto her bosom nestled.
And with sudden, joyous glee,
Half the wife's and half the mother's,
"Still the best is left," said she:
"I have learned to live for others."

THE NEMESIS OF LOVE.

By Clementine Montagu.

AUTHOR OF "THE COST OF CONQUEST," "JASPER ONSLOW'S WIFE," ETC.

CHAPTER XX.

MISS BURGOYNE IS INQUISITIVE.

Like one that on a lonesome road
Doth walk with fear and dread.
—COLERIDGE.

Pretty was perhaps hardly the epithet to apply to Honore Chantrelle. She was very striking-looking, with a dark beauty that seemed made to match with bright colors and tropical skies. She was *petite*, with a dusky, warm complexion and crimson lips, and hair and eyebrows so black as to suggest a mixture of darker blood than flows in European veins. She said her mother was a Spanish creole, which accounted for it. Mara christened her "Firefly," and she had a quiet way of flitting about in her bright beauty that made the simile not an inapt one.

The "Firefly" looked as radiant as her name when Miss Burgoyne was shown into the sitting room of the Saltires one morning. She had been reading to Mara, who seemed quietly interested, and, for once in her life, almost happy; and the little exercise of using her voice had brought a sparkle to her eyes and a color to her cheeks that showed her dusky beauty to perfection.

She was brightly dressed, too—far too brightly to please the fastidious notions of the old lady, who held that all governesses and dependents should be clad in austere looking garments, and never venture to look pretty.

Her own companion was an example of her rule. She went about like a nun, and seemed content so to do. Doubtless it was considered in the quarterly cheques drawn for her by her eccentric employer.

Honore wore a dress of some deep crimson material this morning, and a white flower nestled at her throat.

"Just like any lady," said Miss Burgoyne. "I wonder at Mrs. Saltire, that I do. I thought she had more sense."

But it was because Mrs. Saltire had sense, and liked to see pretty and bright things about her, that she allowed Honore to dress in the warm colors that suited her best. She knew quite well when to stop her if her taste outran propriety in that way.

There would never be any need for that. She was essentially a lady, and had a true artist's spirit and taste beside.

There could not be anything incongruous or offensive to the eye in her attire, and she could not vie with her mistress in richness of material, so there could be no rivalry between them. Besides, Mara liked to see her bright and pretty.

"Don't put on that dingy dress," was her constant cry when Honore appeared in sober colors. "You look like a firefly with its light gone out."

"Firefly! Bah!" grunted Miss Burgoyne to herself. "What nonsense next, I wonder! As if they could not have the girl in the house without giving her romantic nicknames. I don't like the look of Miss Firefly. There's more behind those demure eyes of hers than she chooses to let be seen."

It seemed almost as though the girl divined what was passing in the old lady's mind, for she lifted the eyes in question and gave her a long look of something very like defiance, which rather disconcerted her.

"Looks as if she'd like to kill me," she said inwardly. "Thank goodness, Mary Marks isn't like her!"

Mary Marks was attendant, companion, and secretary, all in one, to the ancient lady, and would have lain down and died at her feet before she would have dared to lift her eyes to her face in anything but the very meekest submission.

"I've come on rather a strange errand," Miss Burgoyne said, after their greetings were over, "and I don't think it's much use. I've been to General Fellows and to Mrs. De Fleury, and they were the only people that came to my house that day, except yourselves."

"I don't think I quite understand," said Mr. Saltire, smiling at the somewhat confused announcement.

"No, of course you don't; how can you, when I haven't told you? Did either of you drop a trinket from your watch chains in my room?"

Mr Saltire touched the handsome locket which was the sole pendant to the plain gold chain he wore, and Mrs. Saltire picked up her bunch of charms and looked at them.

"No," she said.

And "No" her husband echoed.

Might they ask why Miss Burgoyne wanted to know?

"Because I found one, and I am very anxious to know who it belongs to, and how its possessor came by it."

She held the little trinket up, the sunlight shining full on it, and looked around.

"That locket belonged to my nephew, Bracy Burgoyne," she said. "It was in his possession at the time of his death, and as all his personal effects seem to have vanished, except an overcoat and a memorandum book, I hope to find some clue through this locket to where the rest of them have gone to."

They looked at her wonderingly, and at the locket, too.

"It is very odd," said Mr. Saltire. "You are quite sure it is the same?"

"Quite; and I mean to find out how it came into my house, and trace it."

She had not condescended to show the article to Honore Chantrelle, having persistently kept her back to her the whole time she was in the room; but she turned round, and the girl for the first time saw the object under discussion.

Her eyes dilated as she looked at it, and her color changed with startling rapidity. She looked perfectly calm; but her heart might almost be seen beating, so quick and heavy were its throbs.

"I would give a hundred pounds to solve the mystery of where my poor boy's things have gone to. Whoever had this has more."

"In the matter of that scorn I can save you any such expense, madam; it is mine."

It was Honore who spoke, calmly and quietly, as though there were no tempest of emotion tugging at her heart—no wild dread making her feel a chilliness like death creeping over her.

"Yours?"

"Mine, madam. I was not aware that I had lost it in your house. I was afraid I had dropped it in the street."

"But it is not yours, young woman. It belongs to my nephew, Mr. Burgoyne."

"If purchase by another person, and subsequent gift to me can make it mine, it is mine," replied the girl, proudly, and with the same defiant look her face had worn before she saw the trinket.

"May I ask who purchased it, and where?" asked Miss Burgoyne. "I don't think my nephew was in the habit of selling his jewelry."

"I had not the honor of your nephew's acquaintance that I am aware of," Honore replied, somewhat indignantly, and with a dangerous sparkle in her eye. "That acorn was given me by a schoolfellow in New York. She purchased it for a trifle out of a tray of secondhand trinkets in a jeweler's store there. There is evidently some mistake in the matter."

"There is no mistake, madam," said Miss Burgoyne, furiously. "I could not mistake this locket—my own gift and such a curiosity. Look here!"

She touched the spring as she spoke, and revealed the miniature.

"There," she said, "you see—my own face. I am not mistaken in claiming this trinket as the property of my dead nephew. Perhaps you can give me some information respecting the rest?"

Her anxiety to find out, and the state of agitation into which she had worked herself, together with her antipathy to Honore, and her anger at her calmness, made her scarcely conscious of what she was saying, and the governess rose from her seat and faced round upon her.

"I have told you how I came by the locket, madam," she said. "I was not aware till this moment that it was a locket, or opened in any way. I thought it merely an ornamental pendant. If it is yours, pray keep it; I am sorry that it should have been in my possession so long. Mrs. Saltire, I crave your permission to leave the room. This lady does not mean it, perhaps, but her insinuations are painfully humiliating and insulting to me."

"Yes, my dear, go," Mrs. Saltire said. "Miss Burgoyne is very anxious to find out what she wants to know, and would not insult you, I am sure."

"Yes, I would," muttered the irascible old lady to herself. "I'd like to shake her till her teeth rattled;" but aloud she only said, "I am sorry to have given offence, I am sure. I am an old woman, and am apt to say what I think. May I ask this extremely sensible young lady another question?"

"As many as you like, madam," Honore replied, pausing in her retreat. "I shall be happy to answer them."

Mr. Saltire said never a word, but he had noticed the girl's change of features and evident agitation, and somehow his thoughts flew to the visit of Mr. Garland, and what had passed then. Could she really be the simple-minded school-girl he was led to infer from the letters he had received from New York, and from her own statement about herself? He felt puzzled; but her manner was so calm now, and she had conducted herself with such extreme propriety since she had been in his house that he could not suspect her of leading a double life.

He had watched her most carefully, and was satisfied she was really as friendless as she had said. She wrote no letters, spoke to no one out of the circle of their own family, and yet somehow or another the reverend gentleman entertained a doubt. There were moments when a look would flash into her face, and a word or two dropped from her tongue that told of habits and ways of thinking very different from the calm placidity of the life she had been leading with them and before, according to her own account. There was an angry light in her eyes now, as she stood there waiting to be questioned, and she looked like a young empress listening to the request of a subject.

"What did you ask me, madam?" she said, as Miss Burgoyne hesitated how to commence her questioning.

"You say you were saved from a wreck, Miss Chantrelle?"

"I was, madam."

"And were in the water some time?"

Miss Burgoyne had heard the story of the wreck of the Penguin and Honore's escape from her friends.

"I was, madam."

"And lost everything?"

"Everything but what I had on."

"And kept your jewelry. Dear me, what a remarkable and convenient accident to be sure."

Honore set her teeth as though to keep down an angry answer.

"But that you are Mrs. Saltire's friend, madam," she said, "I would not reply to your base taunts and insinuations. The wreck of the Penguin was early in the evening. Every one on board was fully dressed. I had my watch in my pocket, and this locket on a chain round my neck. I lost neither. Do you wish to know any more?"

"You did not lose them, and you have kept them through all the poverty you have endured since. You must be a brave and strong minded young person to endure all the pangs of want for the sake of a bit of gold and the flash of a gem or two!"

She seemed bent on goading the governess to the full extent of her endurance; but the more insulting she became the calmer Honore seemed to grow.

"I did not keep them, madam," she said; "they both went to keep me from starving. My kind benefactors here helped me to redeem them."

She bowed with the air of a princess, and swept out of the room, stopping a moment to bend over Mara's couch with the smile that never failed to soothe and calm the invalid.

She pulled Honore down to kiss her.

"Never mind her, Firefly, dear," she whispered. "She's a spiteful old catamaran. Help me upstairs, papa, dear, will you?" she added, aloud. "I'm tired."

"I tell you what, Justin Saltire," said Miss Burgoyne, when he returned, "you're mistaken in that governess-woman; she isn't what she seems. You'll come to grief with her some day. She's no more the demure, innocent sort of person you fancy her than I'm a white mouse. She would like to have killed me just now, and if she got the chance she'd do it, I think."

Mr. Saltire laughed. He was pretty well acquainted with the old lady's humors, and he let her tongue run till she had exhausted what she had to say.

"I hope you are mistaken," he said, "for she suits us very well, and Mara, too."

"Ah, that's just it; it suits her to suit Mara. She's got a strong motive for all she does. I only hope it may not recoil on you."

"I hope not, I'm sure."

"I verily believe she stole that locket. There wasn't a word of truth in the story she told about how she came by it. I could see the falsehood in her eyes."

"Come, come, I think you were a little hard upon her. I cannot believe her untruthful."

Nor was she. The locket was, as she said, hers by right of gift, and in that Miss Burgoyne wronged her. She did not repeat her accusation anywhere else. Mr. Saltire warned her that it was not safe to speak of theft in that offhand way; but she inveighed against her to Lady Royston and her neice till they were both on the tenterhooks of curiosity to see what manner of woman Miss Burgoyne's *bete noir* could be.

They saw her one evening at that lady's house. They were invited to meet the Saltires there.

"Bring that governess woman to play for us," the old lady said, when she gave the invitation. "Lady Euphemia and her aunt both sing."

So the "governess woman" came, and sat quietly in a corner of the room until she should be wanted. Lady Euphemia went to her with gentle kindness and talked to her and tried to draw her out, but she seemed shy and constrained.

Her ladyship only saw a dark, mournful-looking face, crowned by masses of black hair, until Honore took her seat at the piano in the full glare of the light, and then a resemblance to some one, she could not tell whom, struck her uncomfortably.

She watched her as she played, and sang once or twice to her accompaniment; but somehow or other her eyes and look made her nervous. She noticed that she played with taste and execution, and presently, urged by a sudden impulse, she asked her a question.

"Do you sing, Miss Chantrelle?" she asked.

"No, my lady."

"You look as if you ought to," said Lady Euphemia.

There had been a momentary hesitation in the answer, as if Honore were going to say yes, and then had thought better of it.

"I did sing a little once," she replied; "but my voice is quite gone. I don't suppose I shall ever sing a note again."

"What a pity! Excuse me staring at you, Miss Chantrelle; but you remind me so much of a lady I once knew."

"I am happy to resemble any friend of your ladyship's."

"Oh, she wasn't a friend—rather the reverse, poor thing. She's dead now."

Honore looked sympathetic, but not interested.

"She came from Rome. Have you any relations there?"

"None that I am aware of. My kindred lie buried in Canada."

"Yet you are like her enough to be her twin sister, but for her complexion. Her name was Sforza—that is, her maiden name. Did you ever hear it before?"

And Honore looked full in Lady Euphemia's face with her big, innocent-looking eyes, and answered, quietly:

"Never in my life, my lady."

CHAPTER XXI.

A REMEMBRANCE OF HILDA SFORZA.

The light of love, the purity of grace,
And oh! the music breathing from her face;
The heart whose softness harmonized the whole,
And oh! the eye that was itself a soul.
—*Byron.*

The affair of the locket left the mystery of Bracy Burgoyne's belongings as unexplained as ever. It remained in Miss Burgoyne's possession, and that good lady was not at all comfortable in retaining it. She had sent it back to Honore Chantrelle with a kind of apology for her rudeness in claiming it as she had done. She had been urged to this by Mr. Saltire, who represented to her that she could not well keep it, at any rate without making some compensation and apology to Honore for what had passed.

Only a week remained of their stay, and during that time she heard nothing of the Canadian governess or the locket. She bade the Saltires good-bye the night before they left Florence *en route* for Malta, and thought no more about them.

The next morning a messenger left a note at her house, with the locket enclosed in it. The letter was perfectly curt, but it made Miss Burgoyne literally dance with rage for all that.

"Miss Chantrelle presents her respectful compliments to Miss Burgoyne, and begs to return the trinket Miss B. claims as hers. Miss Chantrelle cannot for a moment think of keeping an article which—though given her as a token of affection by a dear friend, and purchased by that friend in good faith at a respectable shop—belongs of right to another person. Miss Chantrelle is quite willing to accept Miss Burgoyne's statement as truth, and returns the locket, which she begs to assure her is perfectly uninjured. Miss C. has kept it till to-day to prevent the possibility of any further correspondence or accusations on the subject, which would be as painful to her as she feels sure they are to Miss Burgoyne herself."

"The impertinent minx!" exclaimed Miss Burgoyne, when she had read this composition. "The huzzy—the cat! I should like to——"

To what did not exactly appear, for she choked and gasped with passion, and was obliged to be content with tearing the letter and stamping on it. What she might have done with Honore herself if she could have got hold of her may be imagined; but Honore was far away at sea, on board the good ship "Spirit of the Wave," on their way to Malta.

Mr. Saltire forgot all about his suspicions of his daughter's governess in his thankfulness for her usefulness and attention on the journey, for Mara was very ill, and Mrs. Saltire also. The slightest motion of the vessel seemed to upset and prostrate them, and Honore seemed never to tire of ministering to their wants and sick fancies.

Indeed, it seemed a question in the dreary voyage down the Red Sea whether Mara would ever reach the end of the journey alive. The doctors had said the voyage would do her good and as long as she could enjoy the fresh air and be interested by things around her, nothing but ordinary sea-sickness seemed the matter with her.

After the Isthmus was crossed the heat seemed to prostrate her, and she was seized with low fever, which the doctor seemed unable to subdue. Mrs. Saltire was too ill to attend upon her daughter. The everlasting rocking and the dreary hum of the engines made her helpless and miserable, and Honore had them both upon her hands. She proved herself a most indefatigable and untiring nurse; and though she grew a little pale with watching, she managed to seem as fresh when Aden was reached, and they were once more free of the monstrous hills and dangerous sand banks which had been their only prospect for a week, as she had been when she shipped aboard at Florence.

One delightful quality she developed during those dreary days on the Red Sea which surprised and pleased the chaplain not a little. Going to his daughter's cabin one day, he was surprised by hearing some one singing with the most finished and perfect intonation. The song was one he did not know but the style and voice of the singer were faultless.

"Who can it be?" he thought, for the musical abilities of the ladies on board had hitherto seemed of the most mediocre order; and they had none of them showed any particular appreciation of the society of the peevish and fretful Mara.

He pushed open the door softly, and saw to his amazement that the singer was Honore Chantrelle.

She was sitting on a low chair, the only piece of furniture there was room for in the berth, with her head thrown slightly back, and her hands tightly clasped in her lap, singing as though her whole soul was one gush of melody; and the notes came as naturally as those from a thrush's throat. Mara lay asleep, with a peaceful smile upon her face, as though she had been lulled to rest by the sweet sounds.

Mr. Saltire made no movement to interrupt the singer, and it was not until the last note of her song was trilled out that she was aware of his presence. Then she started up, blushing crimson.

"I—I beg your pardon sir," she said; "I did not see you."

"I did not want you to, my dear, till you had finished," Mr. Saltire replied. "You have given me quite a treat. I had no idea you possessed such a voice."

He was an enthusiastic lover of music, and knew no greater treat than to hear good songs well sung.

"Why have you kept your talent a secret from us so long?" he asked. "It would have been a great pleasure to us to hear such a voice now and then."

"It was a secret from myself, too," she said, quietly; "I used to sing some time ago, but my voice has been quite gone for some time. I had no idea it had come back, till a day or two since I was humming over some old familiar tunes to please Miss Mara, and I found that it was as clear as ever. I suppose the change of air and scene has helped to restore it."

"Whatever the cause may be, I am very glad of it, my dear; I have seldom heard such a quality of voice. Your execution is so good too—you must have been very well taught."

"I have scarcely been taught at all," she replied; "I used to hear——"

She stopped suddenly, as though she had been on the point of saying something she would wish recalled.

"I mean, I believe I have always sung," she said, "I never remember the time when I could not catch up an air—and afterwards, at school, I used to hear the lessons that were given to the other pupils, and I remember them. It was no trouble to me to sing; I used to think I should like to be an opera singer."

"My dear child, it would be a life of great peril for you; it is a good thing your wish in that respect was never gratified. But you shall sing to us, that is, if you will, and help to while away the evenings—they are somewhat of the dullest."

There was a good piano on board, and there had been a great want of some one to sing—and sing well—so that it was with great delight that the saloon passengers heard that Miss Saltire's companion could both sing and play.

Some enthusiasts brought out violins and music books immediately, and began to organize a concert, which duly came off after dinner.

Honore sang song after song, to the great delight of her audience, who could hardly praise and pet enough the treasure they had thus suddenly found in their midst. Nor was she less happy in the music herself. She touched the keys with loving fingers, as though suddenly reviving a pleasure she had long been debarred from.

The flatteries and attentions of all the young officers who crowded round her, and poured pretty speeches into her ears, did not discompose her a bit. She took them all as though she was a *prima donna* thoroughly used to homage, and looking upon it as her right.

Not that she seemed elated or at all lifted up out of her usual unobtrusive self by it; she seemed rather to lose herself in her music, and to be almost insensible to external surroundings.

Suddenly, after a plaintive melody, which had brought tears to more than one pair of eyes in the group that surrounded her, and made her own glitter with a suspicious light, she touched the keys to a different measure, and burst into a lively, reckless, Bohemian kind of song, that fairly electrified her hearers. It was lively and descriptive, but with a passionate undercurrent of plaintive feeling in it, that somehow went home to the heart.

The song was of an artist, disappointed and reckless, who flies to wine for oblivion, and strives to forget in dissipation his broken hopes. It was a curious mixture of bravado and pathos, and the girl sang it as though her whole soul were in the curious words and the weird accompaniment.

It was a strange song for a boarding school miss—a song that a correct governess would have banished from her music stand in horror. Yet there was hardly one present whose throat did not swell with a choking sensation, which sent tears to their eyes when they heard it.

One young officer—a subaltern—going out to join a different regiment from the one Mr. Saltire belonged to, stared at the singer open mouthed while the song was going on, as though he had seen a ghost. He seemed absolutely frightened.

"By Jove!" he exclaimed, at length, by way of relieving his feelings.

"Jolly song, isn't it?" asked another at his elbow.

"Yes; but——"

"But what?"

"That girl—she's a governess, or something, isn't she?"

"It's Circe."

"Who?"

"Circe."

"A nice sort of party to have on board. Turned every one into beasts, and serpents, and things, didn't she. Are you under the spell, Cartaret, that you open your eyes so much? We shall see your ears begin to sprout soon."

"Don't chaff a fellow," replied the young lieutenant for such Mr. Cartaret was. "I tell you it's the strangest thing. I've heard that song before, and from the same voice, or I'm very much mistaken."

"Where?"

"In Rome."

"Well, perhaps Miss—what's her name? Hang me if I know."

"Chantrelle—Honore Chantrelle. I've seen it in the ship's books."

"Well, perhaps she was there."

"In another shape, then, but the voice was the same; I should know it any where," the young man said, as Honore's musical tones rang through the saloon again, this time in "The Last Rose of Summer," which she sang with much taste and pathos. "Come out on deck, Lewis, and I'll tell you all about it. It's the queerest thing out."

The two young men strolled out, and lit their cigars, Mr. Saltire looking after them curiously. He had heard Lieutenant Cartaret's exclamation about Circe, and wondered.

"I must ask for an explanation," he said to himself, and when Honore had finished and retired to her berth, he sought the young man, and asked him if he knew his daughter's governess.

"No," was the unhesitating answer. "I never saw Miss Chantrelle in my life before, to my knowledge, and yet her voice, singing, and eyes are those of a young lady I did know once, who certainly was not governess to a clergyman's daughter."

"Will you explain?"

"Surely. I met the girl I speak of in Rome; she was the daughter of a broken-down artist named Sforza. She was wonderfully beautiful, with silky golden hair, and dark, passionate eyes, just like this young lady's. Her father painted one marvellous picture called 'Circe,' and his daughter stood for the enchantress. The first time I ever saw her she was dressed for the part, it was like looking at some goddess sprung to mortal life."

"You seemed to have been very much impressed, Mr. Cartaret."

"If I could give you any idea of the superb beauty of Hilda Sforza you would not wonder," the lieutenant replied. "She was perfectly radiant. Her father asked me and a few more to smoke a pipe with him. He wasn't above taking a few lires now and then to help out his housekeeping, and he could tell a good tale and sing a good song in return for them. Well, we went, and the girl came in and out of the room—their only one, except the studio, I verily believe—and presently her father bade her sing. She did—two or three songs, that made our hearts leap and our eyes fill—and then old Sforza said, 'Now my song, Hilda,' and she touched a chord or two, and then burst out into the song you heard just now. I'm puzzled; it cannot be the same, of course, and yet how the voice, figure, and eyes came to be the same I cannot think."

"The song has, doubtless, suggested all the rest," said Mr. Saltire, "I will ask Miss Chantrelle where she got it from. She is from America, and I think she was never in England till lately"

Mr. Cartaret looked puzzled.

"I could swear it was Hilda Sforza, in spite of her black hair and dark complexion," he said, "but for one trifling accident."

"What is that?"

"She is dead—at least, I have been told so. Very shortly after the painting of Circe, which would certainly have made the poor fellow's fortune, Sforza died, and his daughter was reduced to very terrible poverty indeed. She came so low as to sing in the streets, but she was rescued from that by an Englishman, who, I suppose, married her. She died about a year and a half afterwards. Her name was Longmore, I believe. But for this little event, I could have sworn it was she who sang that song just now."

CHAPTER XXII.

AN OLD FRIEND

Oft expectation fails and most oft there
Where most it promises.
—*Shakspeare.*

Mr. Saltire felt rather uneasy at what he had heard from Lieutenant Cartaret, and took an early opportunity of asking Honore about the song which had excited so much curiosity. She laughed merrily at the name that had been bestowed upon her.

"I'm not sure that it's a compliment to be called Circe," she said. "Mr. Cartaret is mistaken. I assure you I never sat for the model of any picture—never saw an artist in my life, except the man who called himself a professor, and came to teach drawing at Madame Duhaton's."

He looked keenly at her as she spoke to detect any prevarication; but the great dark eyes looked straight into his with as pure and truthful an expression as a fawn's might wear, and not a tinge of extra color rose to her dusky cheek.

"But the song, my dear," he said. "Where did you get the song? It is hardly one a young lady should sing."

"Well, no, perhaps not. I beg your pardon for having sung it. I forgot myself altogether. The music, the knowledge that my voice had come back, the old familiar songs I had been singing, all made me forget myself. I couldn't help it—indeed, I couldn't."

"Music is enthralling," Mr. Saltire said, quietly; "but that is no answer to my ques-

tion. Honore, where did you learn that very curious and somewhat objectionable song?"

"In New York."

"At school?"

"Yes," she replied, smiling at his look of horror, "but not in the orthodox way, I assure you. Our music master was a broken-down old fellow, who taught cheap. Madame charged him as an Italian professor in the bills, though, and put him down at a high figure. He had a voice like an angel's, and now and then he would sing for us strange, wild songs, that made our hearts go in a very different fashion from the twaddly ballads he was obliged to teach the girls. One day, when ma'amselle was out, he sang us that song, and the rhythm about 'draining a cup to forget' got into my head, and wouldn't come out again. I begged the words and he gave me both words and music. They are at the bottom of the sea now, in the Penguin. That's the whole story of the song, Mr. Saltire. I won't sing it any more."

There was a curious touch of bravado about her manner when she told her story; but it was straightforward enough, and the chaplain would hear no more. Time would doubtless unravel whatever of mystery there was about Honore Chantrelle. The resemblance to the dead woman Lieutenant Cartaret spoke of was, of course, accidental—one which might exist anywhere.

Bombay was reached at last, after a quick, prosperous passage. From the time they had left the stifling shores of the Red Sea, Mara Saltire had grown better, and when they sighted the Indian shore she was able to sit on deck and be talked or read to, without growing weary and restless, as was her wont.

"How you look, Firefly," she said to Honore, as they watched the domes and minarets of the half European, half Asiatic city growing more and more distinct.

"How do I look?" asked Honore, rousing herself from her reverie, and adjusting Mara's cushions.

"I hardly know. As if you were seeing into the future—as if you had the gift of second sight."

"I wish I had. I would give all I possess to have such a blessed gift for half an hour."

"Why?"

"I want to see the future; I want to know what lies before me—whether I shall gain what I wish, or whether I shall live an aimless, purposeless life to old age, and go down into my grave killed by the sheer *ennui* of an uneventful existence of years."

"Honore, how you talk! You are not yourself to-day. What is the matter?"

"Nothing. I think the sight of those foreign-looking towers and trees has roused up the passionate life that lies dormant in me. I am not the cold New Yorker, Mara, that circumstances have made me appear. My very nature is exotic. I love bright skies and the warm sun, and the radiance of climes that darken the skin and light up the heart at the same time."

"You are not a bit like the mild, quiet Honore that came to us in London," Mara said; "but I think I like you better now that you are a Firefly in real earnest. You look as though you had some great purpose to achieve—some great deed to do."

"A purpose!" murmured Honore Chantrelle to herself. "Aye, I have a purpose greater than her feeble mind can imagine. They shall see their poor, patronized dependent where they will scarce dare to lift their dazzled eyes to look upon her, unless—— Ah, I dare not think of any contingency. Fortune would never frown so blackly as to dash my hopes now, when I have dared all, risked all, to win the prize I seek."

All this passed through her busy brain while the invalid Mara lay looking at her with wide open eyes, unconscious that such a tempest was raging in her heart. To her Honore only said with a sweet smile:

"Of course I have a purpose, dear—to take care of you—so make haste and get well, or people will say that I am a bad nurse."

"Bombay at last!" was Lieutenant Cartaret's exclamation as land hove in sight. "Don't think much of the country so far—beastly flat and sandy."

"You'll find it flatter and sandier as you go inland, my boy," said his friend, Lewis, "thought Cawnpore isn't a bad place when there's a jolly regiment there."

"They say ours isn't very jolly," said Cartaret, with a long face. "Its eminently respectable, and all that sort of thing."

"Who's in command?"

"Colonel Clapperton, properly; but he's away on leave—mostly is, they say—and there's a real live duke in his place."

"The major, of course?"

"Yes; quite a young fellow, and as rich as any number of Israelites—joined his regiment for a freak, under some cloud at home, I should think, and is as big a martinet as any in the service."

"You'll have pleasant times, then, I think," said Mr. Lewis. "He'll be down on you, my boy."

"He won't. I shall keep out of his way. He used to be a nice sort of fellow. I've met him once or twice at home, and his sister's the neatest thing out; but all of a sudden they shut up Castletowers, and off they went. He came to India, and she went to Italy very ill. Whatever ailed them both no one seemed to know. The duke was only captain then—he has got his step since."

"Ah, Castletowers, is it! His going off like that was a nine days' wonder. Is he married?"

"I believe not. I had a letter from an old chum of mine out there, grumbling that there was no lady at the head of affairs. I fancy he's a woman hater."

"Or true to one obdurate lady, perhaps," Lewis said, laughing. "There are men who are such noodles as to waste their lives for a woman's sake. I beg your pardon, Miss Chantrelle—I had no idea your were there."

He had stretched out his arm and accidentally struck Honore on the shoulder. She had been sitting on a pile of cushions close by them, but so motionless that they had not noticed her.

"I have to beg your pardon," she said, rising, "for remaining here while you were talking, but I have such a headache that I was glad to keep quite still when I found that your conversation was not of a personal or private nature."

"It was entirely unimportant," said Lieutenant Cartaret. "Pray keep quiet, Miss Chantrelle; you do indeed look very ill."

For Honore's face was ghastly pale, and blue circles showed themselves under her dark eyes.

"The worst of the pain is gone," she said, as he arranged her cushions for her, "but is apt to leave shudders. So you are going to Cawnpore, Mr. Cartaret? We shall be almost neighbors in this queer country; Lucknow is not very far away."

They entered into conversation, and Honore asked several questions about the Duke of Castletowers and Mr. Cartaret's regiment in general, all of which the young man answered to the best of his ability. And presently they steamed into Bombay Harbor, and the good ship gave up her living freight, to be scattered far and wide over the vast empire of India.

The long weary railway journey, so fatiguing in its heat and lack of comfort, had no exhausting effect on Honore Chantrelle. Her spirits seemed to rise with every mile they passed which brought them nearer to their destination."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

CHASING THE BUTTERFLIES.

BY CATHARINE FULLER.

Ah, what a long, sweet time ago
Since in the timothy ripe and dry,
Little feet glanced in eager chasing,
After the bright, brown butterfly.
I with my happy, careless eyes;
Free as the flitting butterflies.

Often I questioned, wonderingly,
Which is better: To clasp at air,
Eagerly, with our careless hands
At the orchis pinion poising there,
Just as it into the sunshine flies
Over our upturned glancing eyes,

Or the grasping after the surer things:
Timothy tassels, green and grey,
Rooted fast within the sod,
Life's ripe truths of yesterday?
Something we grasp beneath the skies
Never is lost, like the butterflies.

Question I no more, wonderingly,
Which is better, life's truth or show;
Butterfly pleasures flit up to me,
Still do I grasp not, for I know
Better true good beneath the skies
Than chasing the flitting butterflies.

Truth is life's timothy, round and ripe,
Hanging its quivering tassels over:
Hope is life crimson coloring,
Sweet as the scent of the incensed clover,
Full and bright, but not with dyes
So gorgeous and gay as the butterflies.

And I would like to wade again
Through the deep timothy, ripe and tall,
Chasing the orchis wings about,
Flitting, the lightest of them all,
Just as I did 'neath childhood's skies,
Chasing the bright, brown butterflies.

A Perilous Position.

IN TWO CHAPTERS.

CHAPTER I.

"Now, look here, Fred; you've exactly an hour and a half to get back in," said Mr. Middleton after luncheon. "I shall be at the mill by three precisely. Are you sure you can manage it?"

"Oh, quite certain of it, sir," was my confident reply. "Why, I could go to M—— and back within the hour, easy riding. I'll not keep you waiting, depend upon it." So saying, I vaulted the low sill of a window which stood wide open, and approached a couple who were strolling upon the lawn in front of Holm Court, the aristocratic-looking dwelling I had quitted.

Of this couple, one was a young lady, very fair and, in my eyes at least, very beautiful. She was the elder child and only daughter of the Mr. Middleton already mentioned; a mill-owner who had realized a gigantic fortune by manufacturing; and in three days was to be my wife. I for my part was a young man of good family, possessed of an independent fortune, in my twenty-second year, and ardently attached to my intended bride. That this attachment was mutual, I was, moreover, well assured; and on that delicious summer afternoon life opened before me full of brilliant promise. So happy indeed did I feel, that it was with difficulty I could restrain my jubilation within bounds, and compel myself to walk along the ground at a reasonable and gentlemanly pace, instead of running or leaping as, in my ecstasy, inclination prompted.

As I neared her my darling stepped forward to meet me; and after a few words upon another subject, she administered an anxious caution apropos of an adventure in which I was about to join, and to which I shall advert immediately. I assured her in return that there was no danger connected with it; and with an affectionate temporary adieu, we parted. Looking back as I prepared to mount my horse, which, held by a groom, stood ready saddled before the hall door, I saw my sweet girl rejoined by the companion, who, upon my approach, had sauntered away from her to some short distance. This companion was a Mr. Marmaduke Hesketh, a fine-looking handsome man, about thirty-five, second cousin to Mr. Middleton, and lately returned from America. That this gentleman entertained towards my humble self feelings of a no very friendly character, I was well aware, although he had never addressed to me a single discourteous word; and the cause of his antipathy I had divined. He too was in love with Clara Middleton; I was sure of it, although he had never told her so; and though Clara herself, when I mentioned my impression to her, laughed at me for it, and called me a "fanciful goose." Her rallying, however, did not shake my conviction of the truth, and I felt very sorry for the poor man. As his successful rival, I could afford to pity him; and I had too much confidence in Clara's affection to feel an atom of jealousy, even when, as now, I left him alone in her company.

My foot in the stirrup, I was preparing for a spring to the saddle, when my name, called eagerly from behind, arrested the action; and turning, I saw Clara's brother, a nice looking lad of twelve or so, running breathlessly down the broad steps of the entrance hall.

"I say, Mr. Carleton," he panted on reaching my side, "mamma wants you, please, to get her a bottle of chloroform from Pennick's, the druggist, when you're passing. And I say; mind you don't forget my string, will you? It's to be as strong as ever you can get it, you know, for it's such a big kite; and two balls, mind—big ones. You'll be sure and remember?"

"Oh, I'll remember, Charlie, safe enough," I returned, smiling. "String and chloroform—two important commissions. I'll not forget, Bye-bye, my boy." And giving my horse his head, I trotted down the avenue, passed the lodge gates, and turned in the direction of the busy manufacturing town of M——.

My errand there was to see the clergyman who was to officiate at the marriage, and to arrange with him some slight alteration in the hour previously appointed for the ceremony. On my return from this visit I was, according to agreement, to meet Mr. Middleton and Mr. Hesketh on the site of a large cotton-mill in process of erection by the former. Of this mill one portion was already completed, namely, an enormous chimney—the broadest and tallest by far of any in the county. Mr. Middleton, exceedingly proud of his chimney, and considering it a master piece of enterprise, had determined beforehand to ascend to its summit as soon as it should be finished; and in this expedition he had invited Mr. Hesketh and myself to accompany him. The scaffolding used in building it having been removed, the ascent was to be made by means of a bucket or car (similar to those employed in the descent of coal-pits), affixed by two strong chains, passing over pulleys which ran on pins built into the chimney at the top; and the car was to be worked by a windlass.

It wanted exactly five minutes to three when I arrived at the rendezvous—my business at M—— transacted, and the chloroform and string I had been commissioned to purchase in my pocket. Giving my horse into the charge of one of Mr. Middleton's employés, of whom there were several about, I walked towards the subterranean entrance to the chimney, near which I perceived Mr. Marmaduke Hesketh standing. He looked rather pale, I thought, as courteously advancing on my approach, he imparted to me the information that Mr. Middleton had just received a telegram summoning him to the bedside of his brother, Captain Middleton. That gentleman, it appeared, had been taken suddenly and dangerously ill; and full of anxiety, Mr. and Mrs. Middleton had already started off for F—— Junction, in order to catch the first train thence to town, some twenty miles distant, where the captain was stationed with his regiment. Mr. Middleton had, however, my informant proceeded, expressed, before leaving, a desire that we would not allow his absence to interfere with our project of ascending the chimney, and he, Mr. Hesketh, concluded by hoping that I would not object to accompany him alone, as he very much wished to see the view from the top, and would not, as I knew—for he was leaving Holm Court the next day—have another opportunity of doing so.

Young and fond of adventure, I had rather enjoyed the prospect of this enterprise, and though disappointed not to carry it out in my intended father-in-law's company, I saw no reason for declining Mr. Hesketh's proposal to go with him alone. Accordingly, signifying my assent to it, we proceeded to enter the chimney together. Some half dozen men were waiting within, in readiness to turn the crank of the windlass; and a moment later, swaying and vibrating in mid-air, we were slowly ascending through the gradually narrowing aperture of the great chimney. On gaining the top I was the first to step from the bucket; but Mr. Hesketh was speedily by my side. The stone coping being fully two feet in width and having a narrow parapet a foot in height, presented a perfectly safe footing. I had a strong head, and had not expected to feel dizzy; yet, as I now gazed from that tremendous height, a singular feeling of insecurity seized upon me.

"Will you not walk round?" said my companion, when we had stood together for a few seconds on the spot where we had alighted.

"Oh, certainly," I replied with an assumption of boldness, but an inward shrinking from the ordeal; and with Mr. Hesketh at my heels, I commenced the circuit.

About half the short distance was accomplished, when a hand laid on my arm arrested my steps.

"We've a fine view from here—haven't we?" observed Mr. Hesketh as I stopped, a sensation of dread thrilling my nerves at his touch. "You see Holm Court there, down to the right, don't you?"

"Of course, quite plainly," I returned, clearing my throat to cover the strange nervous uneasiness I was experiencing.

"So glad I persuaded you to come and see the view," he remarked next in a very peculiar tone, and at the same time tightening his grasp upon my arm. "But it's an awful height, isn't it; I hope you don't feel giddy?"

"Not at all," I replied, endeavoring to keep my composure as I gazed downwards at the long perpendicular wall of smooth brick, but feeling that I was trembling perceptibly.

"And yet there is but a step between us and death," he pursued with a sneer. "Hallo! I'm quoting Scripture, I declare. You wouldn't have expected that of me, would you?"

"Oh, anybody can quote Scripture, you know," I responded with a ghastly attempt at sirineas. "But I say, Hesketh, let go my arm, will you? You're hurting me."

"Hurting you, am I? Ha, ha! I beg your pardon, I'm sure," he laughed, increasing instead of diminishing the vice-like pressure of his fingers. "I wouldn't hurt you for the world; O no! But now, if you've quite finished with the scenery, Mr. Frederick Carleton, I'll trouble you to give me your attention for a moment. I'm going to ask you a question, which you may perhaps consider somewhat curiously timed. I am not a vain man, that I know of; but I should like to have your opinion respecting my personal appearance. Should you feel justified now, for instance, in describing me as a well-built, powerful kind of man?"

Considering that he was upwards of six feet in height, broad and stout in proportion, with well-developed sinewy limbs, the description would have been accurate; and I said so.

"If you feel any doubt of it," he resumed, still in the same peculiar tone, "oblige me by examining that muscle." And he stretched out for my inspection an arm that could have felled an ox—firm and strong as a bar of iron.

"I am quite satisfied of your muscular strength and powerful physical development, Mr. Hesketh," I said, with an effort to appear unconcerned and amused, which I was conscious was a dead failure. "And now, with your permission, I think we had better descend."

"Not just this moment, my precious little bantam cock," was the startling rejoinder. "Sorry to detain you, believe me, but I must trouble you with another question. Supposing, now, that you and I, dear friend, were to have a tussle at the top of this chimney, and that each of us were trying to throw the other over, which, should you think, would have the better chance of accomplishing his purpose?"

Summoning to my aid all the manliness of which I was possessed, I courageously declined to answer this question—asserting that the case was not a supposable one, seeing that I entertained towards him no feelings of enmity, and that I felt sure he had no desire to injure me.

"Look in my face and see if I haven't!" he rejoined in loud fierce accents, very different from those he had hitherto employed. "Look in my face, Mr. Frederick Carleton, and see if I haven't!"

I did look, and my heart died within me—for on the face of the man who still retained my arm in his iron grip on the top of that terrible chimney, I saw an expression of fiendish hate and malignance, of the like of which I could not have believed a human countenance capable.

As my eyes fell before the awful glare of his, he laughed. "You have read your answer, I see," he said. "And now, listen. Seat yourself upon the parapet exactly where you now stand; observe as closely as you please what I am about to do; but stir one step to hinder it, and as I live, I will hurl you below."

The threat, I knew, was no vain one; the man who uttered it overtopped me by the head and shoulders, and possessed double my strength. Resistance, therefore, would have been entirely useless; and trembling in every limb, I obeyed the command and seated myself. And this was what I then beheld: Approaching the mass of machinery against which rested the wooden box or car wherein we had ascended, Mr. Hesketh leaned over the edge of the chimney, and deliberately lifted this up from one of the two strong iron hooks upon which it hung suspended. Then slipping the loosened chain over the pulley, he sent it clattering towards the ground below. A horrified shout from the men who stood by the windlass greeted this act, coming up hoarse and discordant from the distance; and bending forwards I answered that shout with an imploring cry for aid—a wild vain cry! The men, of course, could not help me; and with sickening despair I watched them retreating to the subterranean passage, to save themselves from danger—as mounted now upon the projecting machinery, Mr. Hesketh loosened the remaining hook of the car and precipitated it into the abyss beneath.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

The Fool and the Fright.

Dolly was not at all pretty, and she was perfectly aware of that unhappy fact; indeed, she had been told of it so often that it would have been strange if she had not known it. As far back as she could remember she had been called a perfect fright, a goblin, ogress, witch, and other endearing pet names when her sisters or companions happened to be a little out of temper.

Her ugliness was quite a standing—well, not joke exactly, for it was treated much the same as any other heinous sin might be; but a sort of standing groan in the family, as much as to say, "you are a great disgrace to us, but we must put up with you, I suppose."

Now this was rather unpleasant; still, as the same thing had been going on ever since she first entered this charming world, some twenty years before, she may be supposed to have got used to it.

Dolly's papa had been such a nice young man, such an elegant figure, such a "beautiful mustache," such lovely eyes, such fascinating manners, such an altogether irresistible young man; and Dolly's mamma was the beauty of the town; and when they were married everybody said they were the handsomest pair in the place.

Well, in course of time Dolly was born—poor little ugly Dolly. Mamma sobbed and cried, and papa stamped and raved till they were tired.

"I'll tell you what," said papa; "I'd rather we hadn't had a baby at all than that ugly creature;" and mamma said it was a shame, but whether she meant it was a shame the baby was an ugly creature, or it was a shame of papa to make such an unfatherly speech, didn't seem quite clear.

Presently quoth papa:

"We'll call her Dolores—that means sorrow. I'm sure she's sorrow to us, anyhow."

So they christened her Dolores, which, being inconveniently long, was shortened into Dolly.

"I'm afraid the poor little thing will have a sad time of it," said the nurse to her husband, after retailing some of the disparaging remarks made on the baby.

"Pooh!" said Jack, good-naturedly: "it's like enough to grow up handsome; ugly babies do, they say, and then they'll make fuss enough with it."

But poor Dolly didn't grow up handsome, but seemed to get plainer and plainer by the side of two charmingly pretty sisters, who teased and tyrannized over her in the most engaging manner.

Now, Mr. and Mrs. Kelmer kept a stationer's shop, and Dolly's pretty sisters were frequently dressed up and sent to stand at the counter to be admired and praised by the customers. As for Dolly, she was generally kept in the kitchen to clean knives and forks, scrub floors, etc., so that if not ornamental she was, at least, useful.

Well, in course of years Mr. Kelmer died and Mrs. Kelmer soon began to think it was high time for Dolly to earn her own living; so after turning about in her mind what was the best thing to be done, she decided to have her trained for a government school-teacher. "For," said Mrs. Kelmer, with great candor, "you must learn to depend upon yourself, Dolly. No one will ever want to marry you, I am sure; men want beauty in a wife. If you were only like your sisters, now!" And Dolly's mother gave a profound sigh, feeling the case was hopeless.

And so Dolly was sent to a training-school, and then to college, where she obtained a certificate, and then she was considered fit, qualified, and capable to teach small children to read, write, cipher, and sew.

"I declare, Dolly, you're a greater fright than ever," was the greeting of her sister Alice the night of her arrival from college.

Dolly made no reply to this candid speech, except by a few tears forced back before they fell, for even ugly woman have feelings.

She was now twenty, and was appointed mistress of the girls' school at Brightstream, a village about two miles from her home. She was to commence her duties on the following Monday, this being Friday.

Now it suddenly occurs to me that I have not described my heroine, and I am sure some of my readers would never forgive that omission.

Well, Dolly was tall and thin—so thin, indeed, that "scraggy gawk" had become one of her pet names. She had long, thick, dark hair—beautiful hair, indeed; deep brown eyes, with ominous rings round them; somewhat large mouth; indifferent nose, and sallow skin. She was very delicate, and close study had not improved her health. Her face was very pale, pinched, and even haggard-looking sometimes, and there was a sad, hopeless expression in the sunken eyes, pitiable, indeed, to kind hearts; but then kind hearts seem to be about as rare as wise heads; so Dolly never complained, knowing she would get small sympathy.

On Monday morning she was up long before the dawn, for the Christmas holidays were just over. It was a dark, cold January morning, and she had a good two miles to walk, for there was no train to Brightstream. Her sisters were both in bed when she was ready to set out.

Ada had promised to go with her this first morning, but now called out from among the blankets:

"I can't go with you, Dolly, you know, it's so horribly cold; besides, I've got to wait in the shop."

"It does not matter," said Dolly, as she wrapped her cloak round her, and started out alone. It was a bitter morning and her teeth chattered with the cold; but she walked on briskly till she reached the village.

At the school-house door she was met by a young man: a tall, broad-shouldered young fellow, of five or six-and-twenty, with a frank, good-humored face and light-brown hair. This was Mr. Truman, master of the boys' school.

Now Mr. Truman was generally understood to be a fool—that is, he was in the habit of running to pick up tumbledown children, and sometimes even kissing them. He would escort tottering old women across the street, and carry their heavy baskets for them. He never amused himself by tormenting cats, dogs or birds, and, what was worse, would not allow the boys to indulge in that agreeable diversion. He was also most absurdly polite to the old clergyman, absolutely asking his advice on all subjects. Moreover, he was such an easy fat, that he would positively put up with last night's warmed-up coffee for breakfast, or even go without that refreshing beverage altogether if the old lady he lodged with told him she'd "got the rumatiz awful, and couldn't come nohow," and then, last, but not least, actually brought all the tea, coffee, sugar, tobacco, etc.—in fact, made himself errand-boy gratis for all the old men and women in the village who chose to employ him, for all which good and sufficient reasons Frank Truman had been set down as a fool.

Well, this was the personage who came out to meet Dolly.

He raised his hat politely.

"Miss Kelmer, I believe?"

Dolly bowed and assented.

"Come into the school-room, Miss Kelmer, there's a good fire, I expect. What a bitter cold morning it is! I hope you are well wrapped up. Let me take off your cloak."

By this time they were in the school-room, and Mr. Truman drew a chair close to the fire, and placed Dolly in it.

It was a new and very pleasant thing to be waited on like this; and Dolly looked up brightly, and said, gratefully:

"You are very kind."

"Oh! no—not at all," said Frank, flushing, and feeling suddenly that Dolly's eyes were the loveliest he had ever seen. "Have you walked from Crayton this morning?" he asked, after a rather lengthened pause.

"Yes," said Dolly.

"Dear me! you must be tired."

"Not particularly; it is not very far."

"No; it isn't such a great distance; but you don't look very strong."

And so they chatted on till the clock struck nine, and the children came trooping in, when, after showing Dolly where the books, pencils, etc., were kept, apologizing for Miss Smith, who ought to have been there, but wasn't, and various other small matters, Frank went off to the boys' school, but he was very absent minded that morning.

"Poor little thing!" soliloquized he. "How delicate she looks; and how grateful she seemed for the little things I did for her, just as if no one had ever done a kind thing for her before. She isn't pretty, but——. Well, Tom Green, what's the matter?"

"Please, sir, this sum won't come right."

"Won't it. Well, bring it here. Ah! see, you've multiplied by the wrong figure. Multiply by six, and divide by four, then it will be all right. No, she isn't exactly pretty," continued Frank, taking up the thread of his meditations, "except when she smiled up at me so brightly; then her eyes were lovely enough for anything. Poor little girl! I don't believe she's been well used;" and Frank resolved there and then to make up for everybody's deficiencies by being particularly attentive to Dolly himself. "I like her all the better that no one else seems to care for her"—he had quite made up his mind on that point. "Folks don't think much of me in general; in fact, they call me a fool, I know that. I wonder what she thinks of me?"

Dolly had found a friend, anyhow, without being superlatively beautiful, and she soon found that Frank Truman was a very agreeable young man, if he was a fool; and Frank was not long in discovering that, whether Dolly was a fright or not, she was amazingly pleasant company; and of course they saw each other every day; and Brightstream was a very quiet little village, and Frank's landlady was old, and deaf, and cross; so, all these things considered, he was very glad to take long, rambling walks with Dolly after school hours, when the summer came, in search of botanical specimens. So the long summer and autumn passed.

Winter had almost come again, and by that time Frank had learned to love Dolly very dearly indeed. But Dolly was very shy; and though he walked to Crayton with her so many times, she had never asked him to come in; so Frank had never seen Dolly's home, nor Dolly's mother, nor Dolly's pretty sisters.

One evening late in the autumn, when the long walks were almost at an end, Frank asked Dolly if she thought Truman as nice a name as Kelmer; and Dolly said she didn't know. Then he took her hand, and holding a very handsome ring over her finger, said:

"May I, Dolly?"

And Dolly, looking up, caught his laughing eyes; but no answering smile came into her face. Instead of that the tears rushed to her eyes, and she said, sorrowfully:

"But I'm such a fright!"

"And I'm such a fool," said Frank, pulling a long face.

"But I am. Everybody says so," persisted Dolly, taking no notice of Frank's speech. Her eyes were blinded by tears, or she might have seen that the eyes, looking down into hers were denying the truth of everybody's verdict as emphatically as eyes could, while their owner repeated:

"'And I am. Everybody says so.' But the ring, Dolly, the ring—may I?" and the next moment it was glittering on Dolly's finger. That wasn't quite the end of it either; for "give 'em an inch and they'll take an ell."

Frank drew Dolly's face very close to his.

"May I, Dolly?" and this time he did not wait for an answer.

That evening, when he had seen Dolly right to the door, he observed, quietly:

"I shouldn't much object to see Mrs. Kelmer if she is at home."

So of course Dolly was obliged to ask him in, and that day Mrs. Kelmer was made acquainted with the astonishing fact that Dolly had found a lover before either Alice or Ada; and her "well I never's," and "dear me's," and "who'd have thought it," when Frank had gone, were inexhaustible. But that didn't alter the fact, and not long after there was a quiet wedding in Crayton. Alice and Ada were the only bridesmaids.

"How Canon Harton did mumble over the service. I scarcely recognized Mr. Truman's name at all," said Ada to her sister that evening as they were talking over the events of the day.

"Never mind," said Alice, "Dolly's married, and that's an event I never expected would take place. Of course, neither you nor I would think of marrying a schoolmaster," and she curled her lip scornfully. "But Dolly's such a fright, I think she's remarkably lucky to get anyone."

In which opinion her sister perfectly agreed.

The next morning at breakfast, as Ada was looking over the Crayton weekly newspaper, she suddenly startled them with an exclamation of amazement, not to say alarm.

"Why, what on earth is the matter?"

Ada made no reply, but handed the paper to her mother, and pointed to the marriage announcement.

"Mamma, what can it mean?"

Mrs. Kelmer took the newspaper and read the notice. And this is what she read:

"Trevayne—Kelmer. Married on the 16th instant, by the Rev. Canon Horton, Francis George Trevayne, Earl of Trevaurdale, to Dolores, eldest daughter of the late Mr. Charles Kelmer, of Crayton."

"Mamma, what can it mean?" repeated Ada.

Mrs. Kelmer could only stare in helpless bewilderment as she handed the paper to the wondering Ada, and the next moment the postman's knock was heard.

"Here is a letter from Mr. Truman, I think," said Ada, coming in with a letter, and handing it to her mother.

Mrs. Kelmer hastily broke the seal, and read the short, but explicit, note.

"It is quite true," said she in an awe-stricken tone, when she had finished. "Mr. Truman is Lord Trevayne, Earl of Trevaurdale; and Dolores is a countess."

"Why did he turn schoolmaster, then?" asked Alice.

"It was just a whim; he says so in his letter," said Mrs. Kelmer.

They had plenty of visitors that day, and many succeeding days, and Mrs. Kelmer had the pleasure of informing them loftily that it was quite true; the newspaper had made no mistake; it was a whim of the Earl's to amuse himself by playing the schoolmaster. Her dear daughter was quite well, thank you; yes, they had gone to Italy, but they would be returning shortly to Trevaurdale Park. All this in such a matter of fact tone, that she quite succeeded in convincing the more gullible of them that she had known all about it from the first. Whether Frank purchased wisdom with the wedding-ring, I leave you to determine, but certainly no one ever thought of calling the noble Earl of Trevaurdale a fool; and whether Dolores donned beauty with her bridal-wreath I must likewise leave to your discrimination; but assuredly nobody ever dreamt of calling the charming Countess a fright.

* * * * *

Some six years later a pic-nic party was seated under a spreading tree in a beautiful park which was thrown open to the public by the kindly owner. They are chatting merrily when a party of equestrians ride past—a lady and gentleman and a little girl. The gentleman turns his head and gaily salutes the pleasure-seekers; and ah! that handsome, good natured face, we should know it anywhere; it is our old friend Frank Truman, otherwise the Earl of Trevaurdale; and the lady smiling so beamingly, can that be Dolly—Dolly with those sparkling eyes, that glowing, rounded face; that tall, stately figure and queen-like air—that the pale, sad, weary girl we knew in the old times? Yes, that is Dolly—that is the Countess; and the little girl with the dark, bright eyes, waving brown hair falling over her shoulders, her small, perfect figure habited in a scarlet riding dress, a black velvet hat with a scarlet feather falling on her dark dresses—a child of scarcely five years old, perhaps, yet distinguished looking as a princess——

"Who is that remarkable-looking child?" asked a young man who had just joined the group under the tree in time to see the little lady canter off."

"That," said the old man, he addressed, "is the Lady Dolores Trevayne—only child of the Earl and Countess of Trevaurdale."

GRAINS OF GOLD.

Monoseness is always the evening of turbulence.

Nothing begets confidence sooner than punctuality.

Wisdom is the talent of buying virtuous pleasure at the cheapest rate.

When a man is happy, every effort to express his happiness mars its completeness.

Men do not have their choice whether they will accept life or not, but they can choose how they will live.

There is a policeman in every man's conscience, even though you may not always find him on the beat.

The time for reasoning is before we have approached near enough to the forbidden fruit to look at it and admire.

Spare minutes are mighty laborers if kept to their work. They overthrow or build up, enrich or impoverish a man.

Nothing that is not a real crime makes a man appear so contemptible and little in the eyes of the world as inconstancy.

Hasty words often rankle the wound which injury gives, but soft words assuage it, forgiving cures it, and forgetting takes away the scar.

None are so fond of secrets as those who don't mean to keep them; such persons covet secrets as a spendthrift covets money—for the purpose of circulation.

"I shall be!" and "I might have been!" The former is the music of youth, sweet as the sound of silver bells; the latter the plaint of age, the dirge of hope, the inscription for a tomb.

Deeds are greater than words. Deeds have such a life, mute, but undeniable, and grow as living trees and fruit trees do; they people the vacuity of time, and make it green and worthy.

How Delightful

It is to be able to remove all the disfigurements from the skin, such as tan, freckles, moth patches, etc. The delightful and harmless toilet preparation, known as Geo. W. Laird's "Bloom of Youth," will effectually remove all such blemish without the fear of injuring the skin. It will leave the skin smooth, clear and transparently beautiful. Sold at all druggists and fancy goods dealers.

TOO LATE.

BY F. E. DOYLE.

'Mid the revelry and dancing, where the fatted calf is killed;
In the sorrowed Rachel's wailing for her life's hopes unfulfilled,
There is ever heard the burthen of a strain as old as Eve began,
And that weaves its varied rhythm since, in all that is of man.

O'er Babylon and o'er those lands where Nimus held his state;
O'er human ruins where the heart would lay the blame on fate;
O'er broken plans and vanished dreams, from Love that had no eyes,
This woful dirge, Too Late! Too Late! hath never ceased to rise.

Cain heard it ere the blood he shed had dried upon the ground;
To Judas thunder like it seemed as Christ faced Pilate bound;
And in His loud, forsaken cry of crucified despair,
Death thus had sung its hymn o'er all, had Mercy not been there.

'Tis the antiphon of all men, echoed through the aisles of Time,
From Good unattained or passed by—wrought, but well-repented crime.
And 'twill ever mark the marching of the nations to the grave,
Till the morning stars repeat the hope Creation's first dawn gave.

A CHARGE.

Not even a flower may pass, most dear,
From my forlorn hands into yours,
Yet my whole hidden heart has sealed
For you its stores—

Like some deep spring, shut far below,
Unknown of men, unsunned and still,
On which the changes of the world
Work not their will.

If you should ever find a rose
Broken and trampled at your feet—
You whom my heart holds, over all,
Noble and sweet—

On that fair ruin, oh, set not,
Unthinkingly, a careless foot;
Remember how a heart may lie
Helpless and mute!

But raise it tenderly, and brush
The street's dust from its fading leaves,
For the sad sake of one who loves,
And, loving, grieves!

BITTER-SWEET;

Or, Robert Yorke's Fate and Fortune.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "EDGED TOOLS," "KING COPHETUA; OR, RUBY MOUTH'S LOVERS," "ROSE OF THE WORLD," &c.

CHAPTER I.

A handsome lofty room, furnished in a formal manner with old-fashioned well-kept furniture, including a centre-table covered with gilt books and bead mats and empty vases, a square piano, bearing on its closed lid several orderly piles of music-books, and, ranged along the walls an ample array of angular drab-covered sofas and chairs. This was the drawing-room in Dr. Yorke's house, 106 George street, Woolchester.

The elderly lady who was knitting by the fire was Miss Elizabeth Yorke, the Doctor's aunt—a broad-built woman with country color in her cheeks, which twelve years of Woolchester air had not had power to dim, clear resolute eyes, and strong hands that had done good service in old days on her father's farm, and that even now, in her nephew's comfortable establishment, could not be kept from furtive dusting, and china-washing, and pickling and preserving. Miss Yorke thought she was not "cut out" for a lady, and found it very hard work to do nothing all day long. She liked sometimes to remind her nephew that he was the lucky member of the family, and that education was not thought so much of in her early days, when a woman was merely expected to be a good housekeeper, industrious, thrifty, and neat.

Her niece, Miss Fisher, the young lady in elaborate mourning, who sat opposite to her with some lace-work in her hands, had been brought up more in accordance with modern notions, having been "finished" at a boarding school in Leamington, whence she had brought a small store of accomplishments by which aunt Elizabeth was greatly impressed. The old lady listened complacently every evening while Gertrude played her half-dozen pieces and sang her half-dozen ballads; and she made a point of asking her niece to translate the odd words of French—"*on dit*," "*tapis*," "*beau monde*," and so forth—which cropped up from time to time in the *Woolchester Guardian*. It was six months since Gertrude Fisher lost her father, and came to live with her cousin and guardian, Dr. Yorke; and already aunt and niece had begun to cherish a little romance, in which the unconscious head of the house played a remarkably prominent part.

Gertrude's music was over for that evening, and had failed to elicit any remark from her cousin, who sat in an easy-chair, with his hands clasped at the back of his head, and his eyes fixed absently on the fire. The last number of the *Lancet* lay on the floor where it had dropped half an hour since, and the women were conversing in occasional sentences unheard by his dreaming ears.

"I will go and match your wool to-morrow, aunt, if it clears up," Gertrude said, laying her work on the table and smoothing it out so as to judge of the patterns. "Do you think it will clear up?"

"I hope so, my dear."

"It always does rain when one wants to go out. I remember the very last time I went to that shop it poured." Tick—tick—tick, went the bronze clock on the mantelpiece; a gust of wind shook the house.

"Let us hope it may clear up before the morning," Miss Elizabeth remarked. "What do you say, Robert?"

"I beg your pardon, aunt." The Doctor sighed deeply, and turned round, passing his hand confusedly through his hair. "You said——"

"Really, Robert, I think you might exert yourself a little more for your cousin's amusement, during the few hours you are at home."

"I know I'm a bear," Robert returned penitently. "But I—I have been rather tired to-day, and Gertie will teach me better manners in time."

Miss Yorke's face relaxed at this little speech, and Gertrude smiled on her cousin as he picked up the fallen paper, pitching it on to the sofa, and stood with his back to the fire and his hands in his waistcoat-pockets. Gertrude had light hair and good gray eyes. She would have been a nice-looking girl but that she was too buxom for her height. Just then, however, while the affectionate smile was lighting up her face, she looked her very best, and aunt Elizabeth, watching the cousins over her knitting, thought what a nice couple they would make.

"Your tea is quite cold, Robert," said the young lady. "Shall I give you another cup?"

The Doctor accepted the tea, and admired Gertrude's lace-work, which he had seen every evening for the past six months; but, having so far redeemed himself, he seemed in some danger of a relapse into silence, when a servant entered with a note on a salver—a note which for some reason or other produced signs of displeasure in Miss Elizabeth's face, and which the Doctor read eagerly and thrust into his pocket, calling out in a strong baritone voice—

"Parker, my coat!"

"Robert"—Miss Yorke looked up sharply—"you are never going out?"

"I must. Probably I shall not be long."

"That woman again, I suppose! She might dispense with your services on a night like this. A sprained ankle is not a matter of life or death."

"Perhaps not," the Doctor returned shortly, donning his waterproof. "Still, as Miss Carew is depending on her salary for her own and her brother's support, and as it is stopped during absence from the theatre, the sooner she is able to return to her duties the better."

"How kind you are, cousin!" Gertrude said, looking up with eyes of gentle admiration at the Doctor's tall figure.

"Too kind," objected Miss Elizabeth. "Robert, you are not going to walk?"

"Of course I am. It is no distance, and I cannot keep the horses standing in such weather as this. Good night, aunt. Don't sit up for me in case I am detained. Good night, Gertrude."

"Try to come home early, cousin," Miss Fisher said taking the Doctor's proffered hand with a very perceptible flutter. "You have not stayed at home one evening for a whole month, and—"

"You are keeping Miss Carew waiting, Gertrude, my dear," put in Miss Yorke dryly; and with an impatient shrug of the shoulders Robert dropped his cousin's hand, and went away.

Gertrude sighed, and resumed her needle-work. Miss Yorke's needles clicked angrily. The Doctor's impetuous feet were heard running down-stairs.

"I am afraid he is annoyed," Gertrude said, lifting her head, startled, as the whole house shook with the slamming of the front door. "I'm sure I did not mean to vex him; but I'm afraid he is annoyed, aunt Elizabeth."

"Let him be annoyed!"

"But he will think that it is my fault, and I did not say anything, aunt, did I?"

"No, child; you are a great deal too kind and patient with Robert—he does not deserve such a faithful little friend."

"I dare say Robert finds our society dull after that—that person's at the theatre;" and Gertrude sighed.

"At least it is respectable, Gertrude. And I do think it is rather late in the day for Robert to turn up his nose at the home I have made for him ever since his poor mother's death, twelve years ago—and all for the sake of some actress-woman he has not seen a dozen times."

"But, aunt, doctors must attend to their patients, must they not? I dare say when Miss—when that person leaves Woolchester, Robert will forget all about her, and be as happy as ever at home in the evenings."

Miss Yorke pulled up sharply at a knot in her wool, but did not speak. This was a subject to which she had never before alluded in Gertrude's presence, though doubtless each lady knew quite well what was in the other's mind concerning it; but for once her annoyance had got the better of her prudence. It did indeed seem bitter to her, and not without reason, that her nephew, whose household she had ordered so faithfully for twelve long years, whose socks she had knit, whose buttons she had superintended, should be smitten with a woman of whose character or past life he could know nothing—that he should take to spending his evenings in the boxes of the dingy little theatre, neglecting his family and making himself an object of wonderment and gossip to his friends and patients. So steady as he had been too till now; and to think that when he had no longer the excuse of youth for his folly (Miss Elizabeth choked as she thought of it) he should bring this disgrace on the family—the proud, respectable yeoman's family that had owned its own farm, and the pleasant old home down in Lincolnshire, and had born a spotless name for two hundred years and more, before young Robert Yorke took a fancy to be sent to college and to learn doctoring and to set up in practice for himself in the little garrison town of Woolchester! And here, at home, was a wife waiting for him—his own cousin—a girl with a snug little fortune to add to her other attractions—a girl sensibly brought up, who was prepared to make him happy!

"Well, thank Heaven," Miss Elizabeth thought, "the theatre will close before long, and then the brazen piece of goods will take herself off, and Robert will return to his senses!"

Ten o'clock struck; a servant entered with candles. Miss Yorke collected her work into a grim-looking basket, and the long day was supposed to be over for all respectable people.

"You won't sit up for Robert?" Gertrude asked, suppressing a yawn, as with a discontented air she took her candle and kissed her aunt's cheek.

"No, my dear. That is a thing your cousin has an unreasonable dislike for. He has his latch-key, and I dare say he won't be late. Good night."

Meanwhile Dr. Yorke, tramping along the deserted streets, was thinking, as he often had lately, in a maze of curious doubt and wonder, of the change that befell his life one day, not long since, when he was called in to attend this ill paid provincial actress who had hurt her foot. He had never yet found courage to explain to Miss Elizabeth how this had occured. On that particular evening he happened to be passing the door of the theatre in his brougham, which was, as well known in Woolchester as the town-clock, and, not having been inside a play-house since he was a boy, he was seized with a sudden fancy to see the new comedy, "Fetters," which was announced in red letters several feet high on every wall and boarding in the town.

Perhaps the recollection that his old quiet evenings at home, when he could shut himself up with a cigar and a magazine, were now at an end had something to do with his decision, and he shrank from dressing for dinner and "making talk"—no easy task—for his aunt and Gertrude, as he had done every night for the past six months. At any rate he pulled the check-string, and told the grave servant that he had a call to make in that neighborhood, and would walk home, charging Thomas also to say that Miss Yorke need not "wait dinner." Thomas touched his hat—how he would have stared if he had known the call his master intended to make!—the carriage drove off, and Dr. Yorke, running up the dimly lighted steps, bought a ticket and passed into the boxes, evening dress not being *de rigueur* in the Theatre Royal, Woolchester. And after all he did not see the comedy!

The curtain had just fallen on the first act, and as he sat reading his bill, and the characters of the play, a hand touched him on the shoulder, and an officer of the theatre said hurriedly—

"You are a physician, sir? Will you please to come behind? Miss Carew has had an accident—hurt her foot. This way, sir."

Through the sacred and dingy door that led from the boxes to the stage, and was an object of interest to many of the young officers who had a taste for the drama, Dr. Yorke followed his conductor, and after stumbling against one of the "wings," and nearly backing into a green gauze lake, on the banks of which Lady South Kensington's *fete* was about to be held in the next act, he found himself in Miss Carew's dressing-room—a bare little chamber with whitewashed walls, much scrawled with the names of former occupants—and in presence of the actress herself, who was lying on an improvised couch, in her stage-costume of often-washed white muslin, and her stage-paint. Several ladies of the company were with her and these kind people surrounded the Doctor and explained, in somewhat loud tones, how the accident had occured.

"Only let me get through my part," Miss Carew said, her young face distorted with pain. "Can you bind up my foot so that I can stand on it?" She raised her eyes wistfully to the Doctor's, and two great tears rolled down the pretty rouged cheeks.

Dr. Yorke's grave face softened. He stooped down and spoke a few soothing words, but forbade the young lady's attempting any exertion.

Yes; he remember it all as he trudged along on that wild March evening—how he brought a carriage, and himself lifted the actress into it; how he called next day at her quiet lodgings, where he found that she had a little delicate brother, to whom he could be of great service; how he had since then learnt to look forward with a quickening pulse to the hour of his daily visit to Miss Carew, and had more than once found himself going out of his way during his round of calls, so as to pass by her door and glance up at the window of her room.

And now she had written him a little note—in a refined picturesque hand too—signed "Yours very truly, Olive Carew," and had asked him to come and see her for a few minutes. He turned down a side-street where trees grew behind the houses, just visible in the blurred lamplight, and paused with a beating heart at a certain iron gate. Some one was playing the piano in the room with the lit-up windows, and he stood with his hand on the lock to listen. It was pleasant, vague, rambling music—snatches of melody running one into the other, full chords, lingering *legato* passages, a rain of sudden silver notes in the treble. The Doctor sighed as he knocked at the door.

"Miss Carew expects me," he told the woman of the house; and then he went upstairs unannounced, and his heart was beating faster than ever.

The actress's sitting-room was shabby enough, the furniture was scanty and faded; but the low cottage-piano—at which young Nelson Carew was strumming as usual, his eyes full of dreams—a bunch of violets in a cheap blue jar, some books and photographs which were scattered about the table, gave it an air of comfort such as Dr. Yorke did not find in his own big substantially-furnished drawing-room at home.

Miss Carew was a tall slender girl, delicately pale, and with golden-brown hair and eyes and lashes, who reminded one of some white long-stemmed flower. Her hands were of exquisite shape and color, while the delicate curves of her figure were graceful even in the shabby black gown the actress wore, as she sat by the fire, intent upon the part in her hand.

Dr. Yorke was loath to break up the pretty picture; but, Nelson's extemporised transcription of *Barbara Allen* coming to an end, the lad woke out of a dream, and saw him standing in the doorway, hat in hand.

"Dr. Yorke?" he cried, with a feeble shout of delight; and Miss Carew, turning, dropped her "part" and with a charming smile held out her hand.

"How good of you to come on this wet night!" she said. "Take this chair by the fire. Nelson, don't choke the Doctor, you young bear!"

Nelson was hugging his friend in the firm conviction that it was an agreeable process to both of them.

"Olive has a piece of news for you," he whispered, "and she is dying to tell it!"

"Then we won't deprive her of the pleasure, will we?" the Doctor answered good naturedly. "So be off to your music-box, sir—do you hear!"

"That last bottle of stuff is horrid," observed Nelson calmly, his arm still round his friend's broad shoulder. "Olive says it is wine, but, if so, why does she give me sugar after it, I should like to know?"

Dr. Yorke responded by propounding an alarming arithmetical problem which posed Nelson, and in an instant the boy limped back to his instrument, leaving his sister to her interview undisturbed. A silence ensued, which the Doctor did not seem inclined to break. He leant back in his chair, watching the firelight play on Olive's beautiful hair; and so it was the lady who spoke first.

"I asked you to come," she began gently, "because I could not leave without saying good-bye, and Nelson and I are going away to-morrow."

"Miss Carew!"

"It is sudden, is it not? But you know it almost as soon as myself. I have had an offer of an engagement in Birmingham, and I am compelled to go at once. Our manager here has been very kind, and has consented to release me at some inconvenience to himself."

Dr. Yorke could not speak. He hardly heard what the girl was saying, but with a curious tortured attention he was following every note that Nelson played. He too—that prosaic country Doctor—had been wandering in just such an unreal garden, hand-in-hand with his first love, as the music told of.

"It is you I have to thank for being able to travel," Miss Carew continued in her sincere voice. "And Nelson too. What can I ever say, Dr. Yorke, that will tell you how I feel your goodness to my poor boy?"

Still Robert Yorke did not speak. He was trying to recall his life as it had been before that happy night a month ago, trying to imagine how he could go back to that old life again, lonelier than ever as it would be for the fair glimpse of a fuller and happier existence which the past few weeks had shown him. Olive Carew was going away!

"And—Dr. Yorke——" The young lady hesitated now. She had her poor little purse ready in her hand, but how could she find courage to speak to that big strong man, who was gazing at her with his heart in his eyes, and ask him to take payment for such generous service as he had done her?

"Must you go?" Robert Yorke said at last, breaking through the spell of silence in which Nelson's music had bound him. "You are hardly fit to travel yet."

"I must. You know I have told you what a poor little pair of church-mice Nelson and I are. Some day he is going to make a great deal of money with his gift for music. But, while he is growing tall and strong, it is my delight to work for him; and in this new engagement I shall earn twenty-one shillings a week more than I earn now—think of that."

Twenty-one shillings! Gertrude Fisher spent as much every week in sugar-plums or Berlin-wool; but to this pale pretty girl, battling unaided with the world, the additional guinea meant additional comfort and ease for the boy whose feeble life was fading away slowly from a love such as is given to few in this world—a sacred agony of affection, keen, intense, undying.

"Poor child!" burst with an irresistible impulse from the Doctor's lips; and Olive, looking up with grateful eyes, saw that his were dim.

A throng of pleasant recollections were gathering in the shabby room, as if to show him more clearly than ever how gray and dull his life must henceforth be—recollections of bright morning hours, when Olive, free from rehearsal, had sat and talked to him in that little bow-window against which the wind and rain were beating now, and when he had been permitted to "hear her" recite her part, bungling a good deal over the "cues," and rather pozed by her matter-of-fact gabble of the lines which she would deliver with such charming point at night—of certain cups of afternoon tea poured out and brought to him by Olive—of one happy little supper of cold mutton, to which he had been permitted to contribute a bottle of Moselle, and over which the three had sat till twelve o'clock, the merriest, most talkative, least sensible party in Woolchester. These were ended now, and

"Over all old things, and all things dear."

But there was still his profession, Robert Yorke reminded himself—his profession and the big drawing-room in George street, enlivened by Gertrude's pieces and Miss Elizabeth's conversation.

As for this actress—this girl with her beauty and her frank charming ways—she would go into the world where he might not follow. Her place was not in this small town, where fate had thrown her for a while. She would go away and forget him, and other men would learn to look at her with longing eyes, and impatient restless hearts, and—— Dr. Yorke made a sudden desperate resolve. Olive was looking absently into the fire, and seemed to have forgotten his presence. One thought of Miss Elizabeth's cold face crossed his mind swiftly, but he leant forward—he was sitting close to Miss Carew on the narrow hearth, while Nelson was thumping out the "Wedding March" with all his little might—and took her slender hand.

"Olive, do not go—do not leave me—stay with me always!" he whispered in broken sentences. "Give me the right to take care of you and the boy—be my wife!"

CHAPTER II.

The grass-grown old garden was looking quite picturesque in the morning sunshine, and Olive had brought Nelson out to stroll up and down the glistening rain-washed paths, with her strong young arm for a crutch. Pigeons were cooing and sunning themselves on the red-tiled roofs, dark branches and twigs stood out still and delicate against the fair blue sky, and in the air was that curious yearning that comes with the spring.

"The leaves will soon begin to bud," Nelson said dreamily. "Olive, what was that you were reading to me the other day about the 'queer power of Art—that, when you wish to describe its effect on you, you always take to describing something else—that you cannot be sure that a picture is not a beautiful melody, or a verse of Tennyson's?' I think this is a Mendelssohn morning, and the brown earth, and the crisp wet grass, and the shadows and lights on the red roofs are the notes that make up a song without words."

Olive smiled, and laid her hand on the boy's head. Nelson drew in a long breath of the cool fresh air.

"I am so glad we are not going away to smoky Birmingham," he said. "But why do we stay here? Has the manager given you some more money?"

"No, my dearest. But I will tell you why we have not gone away. Last night Dr. Yorke asked me a very serious question, and I begged him to give me till to-day to consider it."

"A question?" Nelson looked up with his old young glance, and as he saw his sister's face he flushed up to the roots of his hair. "Olive," he stammered, "it was not—that—that he wanted to take you away from me?"

"No, no, no!" Olive knelt down in the sheltered garden-walk, and put her arms around the boy in close embrace. "Do you think that he could ask such a thing, or that I would listen to it? My dear, my dear!" And they kissed each other solemnly. "Listen!" Olive went on, when they had reached the wooden bench at the end of the garden, and were sitting hand in hand. "You know how kind Dr. Yorke is?"

"Don't I? Olive, he is a brick! And I have seen this many a day that he likes you very much, pretty Olive!"—stroking her blooming cheek.

"How would you like to live with him always—never to go traveling any more, but to have a home, and a room all to yourself full of music and pictures, and books, where I should be with you, just the same as ever?"

"Oh, Olive!" Nelson's face showed plainly what he thought of such a prospect, and his sister's brightened as she saw his delight. "But"—he faltered and changed countenance—"I am very selfish; I had forgotten. The stage, the profession—you will never be happy in any other life."

"We shall be together still, my darling, and—it is the thought of what might happen if I were ill—even this accident of mine has emptied the bank, I am afraid."

"And you have to work so hard. But still, to give up all your parts that you are so fond of, Olive—why should you, unless you like Dr. Yorke very well indeed?"

"I love you, Nelson," Miss Carew said, tightening her hold on his frail little hand. "And"—with a very sad little laugh—"the stage will have no great loss in Olive Carew."

"But indeed it will!" Nelson cried. "And if people did not think so, why should that Birmingham manager have offered you so much money?"

"Well, my dearest," she said lightly, tears starting to her eyes, "you shall be my audience sometimes when—when I am married. We will shut ourselves up in your room, and you shall play a grand overture, and I will let down my hair and act! Won't that be fun?"

Nelson clapped his hands gleefully, and just then a tall figure appeared at the end of the garden walk, and Olive knew that Dr. Yorke had come for his answer.

"Time for my wine!" said Nelson, with his pretty, old-fashioned delicacy, and putting his arms round his sister's neck in a feeble little hug, he limped away, crying a cheery "good morning" to the Doctor.

Miss Carew rose. A slender, bright-haired figure in her straight black gown, she looked like some girl in a picture, against the vivid background made by the green boughs and the old gray walls and red roof, with the pigeons fluttering and cooing overhead. And the sudden pallor blanching her cheeks as she went to meet her lover made her look prettier than ever, Robert Yorke thought, as he took her hand in his.

"I am come for my answer, Olive," he said abruptly, with grave longing eyes looking down at her girlish face. "Is it to be 'yes' or 'no?' My dear, don't keep me in suspense."

Olive smiled sadly, but she colored too, and put up her hand nervously to play with her earring.

"I have something to tell you," she said, in a slow, reluctant way. "And after that it is you who must say 'yes' or 'no.'"

Dr. Yorke felt uncomfortable, he did not know why.

"What if I say 'yes' now, before I hear this little history," he said, forcing a smile.

"It would still have to be told; please sit down and listen."

The pigeons cooed and flapped their wings, and made little excursions to neighboring roofs; a patch of sunshine brooded on the garden wall; voices of children and the slow creak of heavy wagons sounded from the street.

"If it is that you don't love me as I love you, Olive, the Doctor began nervously, "I will spare you the confession. How should it be otherwise?"

"But it is something more. It is that—that I love some one else."

A dead silence followed these low words, while Olive's heart beat fast with regret and uncertainty, and a strange, unwilling hope, and the Doctor buttoned and unbuttoned his glove, and was conscious of changing color.

"I might easily tell you," Miss Carew went on as soon as she was able to speak, "that it is all over—that I have forgotten it. Some women would say this, perhaps, but I cannot. I love a man who can never be anything to me—and that is all you will ever know. And now you see I was right in saying that it is you who must say 'yes' or 'no.'"

The Doctor did not speak.

"If I were alone in the world, if I had not my boy to think of"—and now there was a pathetic tremor in Olive's voice—"I would not marry you, for you deserve the best love a woman can feel, and I cannot give you such a love. I know it is a shame to offer you anything less, but see how I am tempted!"

Dr. Yorke lifted her fair, trembling hand and kissed it.

"Do you wonder," she cried in a sort of passion, "that I cannot send you away as I should do? I am so lonely—there is no one in the world to look at me and speak to me kindly as you do. I think my heart is tired of aching for what will never come back; for it is pleasant to know that you think of me as good men think of the women they make their wives—that you do not take it for granted I am bad because I am an actress."

"Olive!"

"Yes—I know; but men do think so, Dr. Yorke. How should they know what I learnt from my pretty little mother in the days when we had a home and were so happy together? She was not afraid to let me go on the stage, you see! She was not afraid to trust Nelson to me when she lay dying some two years ago, and all our tears could not keep her with us one day longer."

"Olive! My child!"

"I cannot help crying when I think of the happy old times. It is not often I talk of myself, but I want you to know me better. I want you to be sure that the only fault I have been guilty of has been to think too much of a man I can never marry. That is all. It was very wrong, I suppose, and sorrowful, but I could not help it; it is still a dear recollection to me, and I cannot pretend to put it out of my heart forever."

"My dear, I will not ask you to do that."

"There is not a thought in my heart which you might not read, Dr. Yorke—not one. And, if I have no love to give you, at least I have the warmest liking—gratitude—respect."

"Look at me, Olive," Dr. Yorke said gravely, with a sigh; and the girl turned her candid eyes upon him at once. "I am no longer young—I am not a man to win any woman's fancy, I think; but, if you can trust your future to me, I will try to make you happy—you and Nelson."

"Dr. Yorke—I——"

"Give me your hand, my dear. It's more to me than another woman's heart."

And Olive surrendered it, cold and trembling, into his kind steadfast clasp.

Dr. Yorke went home half an hour earlier that evening. Gertrude, who was in the drawing-room, was startled by the click of his key in the door, and by hearing her sedate cousin run upstairs two steps at a time.

"Good gracious, Robert!" she exclaimed, as he burst into the room smiling and eager. "Is it so late? I must go and dress for dinner."

"Wait a bit, Gertrude," the Doctor said, clasping her hand as she passed. "Never mind dressing for dinner to-day. I have something to say to you."

Gertrude was fluttered. In some doubt she looked at her dress, then at her cousin's agitated face, and with a blush sat down again and took up her work.

"What is it, Robert?" she asked, putting her basket of wools out of reach of his clumsy nervous fingers. "And make haste, please, or my aunt——"

"I want you to make me a promise, dear," Robert interrupted, leaning his elbows on the able, and looking into Gertrude's gray eyes, which fell before his gaze. "You know that aunt Elizabeth is very much attached to you, and thinks you, as you are, a dear good sensible girl."

"Oh, Robert!"

"We have been very happy together, we three, haven't we? And it would be a pity that anything should occur to break up such a pleasant home."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Of American drunkards 70,000 die annually.

Three helping one another bear the burden of six.

FEMININITIES.

Tennessee has a female State Librarian.

The New York *Sun* thinks there never was a time when women dressed so prettily as they do now.

It frequently happens that men have a party when they reach their twenty-first birth-day. Women never do.

Clarinda, Iowa, has a society of young ladies pledged not to go out of an evening without the consent of their papas.

Phœbe Couzens says there are no "dollars of our mammies" talked about, for the daddies kept them all to themselves.

Women are doing work in the departments at Washington for $900, while men for precisely the same work receive $1,200, $1,400, and $1,600.

Great Britain has one thousand and fifty-seven women to every thousand men. If they did not gain any faster than that on us in this country, we could stand it.

"In selecting a husband," said Mrs. Puffer, "above all things choose a man of cultivation." This remark harrowed the girl to such an extent that she went off and married a farmer.

Bertha Von Hillern's example has led to the formation of a "Ladies Walking Club," in Washington, its members pledging themselves to eat an oatmeal breakfast, put on a light bloomer walking-dress, and take a long walk in the country at least three times a week.

An old writer says: "I have seen women so delicate that they were afraid to ride, for fear of the horse running away; afraid to sail, for fear the boat might be upset; afraid to walk, for fear they might fall; but I have never seen one afraid to be married, which is far more riskful than all the others put together."

Faint heart ne'er won fair lady. The Los Angeles (Cal.) Star relates that a couple of youthful swain in that locality, being under age, and consequently unable to obtain a license, hired a skiff, embarked a minister and putting out to sea were soon beyond the three-mile limit over which the United States had jurisdiction, and there the knot was tied.

After the election of Mr. Wilberforce for Hull, in England, his sister promised the compliment of a new dress for the wife of every freeman who had voted for her brother. At this she was saluted with the cry: "Miss Wilberforce forever!" but she smilingly observed: "Thank you, gentlemen, but I cannot really agree with you; I do not wish to be Miss Wilberforce forever."

A married man named Rose, of Franklin, Pa., eloped with a young girl named Brigham. The pair were tracked to a hotel in Meadville, Pa., and during a melee between the girl's brother and a man named Ballard, Rose escaped. In the morning it was discovered that the girl had ventured on a second elopement, this time with Ballard. Two elopements in one night with different men is not so slow for these dull times.

As at a wedding the other evening, they were gathered around the happy couple (the bride was a widow) congratulating them, an over-sensitive friend burst into tears and sobbed: "How glad I am her poor, dear Arthur is not alive to see this day! It would have broken his heart to see his wife married to some one else." Then she went into hysterics and was removed, having cast a gloom over the community.

An exchange says: "Many a woman is mourning to-day over blighted affections, hopes not realized, love grown cold, and the wail that is ever going up from her tender, loving heart is only the old one that has gone up from a thousand hearts before—'it might have been.' Sad, sad cry, but thus it has been and ever it will be to the dawning of a better day. But the woman who is up at the early dawn, cooking buckwheat cakes for four grown boys and a growing girl, is not bothered with any such thoughts as these."

FARM AND GARDEN.

WARTS ON HORSES.—For warts on horses, tie a piece of strong twine around their base, drawing tightly, and repeating the operation until the wart drops off.

BUYING SEED.—Seeds of all kinds should be procured at once. Fresh, plump seeds, free from seeds of weeds, should be procured, even if it costs much more than old or foul seed. There is no economy in buying poor seed, but a great loss; and care in selection will be well repaid.

WEIGHT OF CATTLE.—To estimate weight of cattle measure from root of tail to top of shoulders, and round the body behind the forelegs. Multiply the square of the girth in inches by the length in inches, and divide the sum by 7.238, and multiply the quotient by fourteen, and you will get the weight in pounds.

SIMPLE MILK-TEST.—The *Milch Zeitung* communicates a plan of testing milk, which possesses the merit at least of simplicity. A well polished knitting needle is dipped into a deep vessel of milk and immediately withdrawn in an upright position, when, if the sample be pure, some of the fluid will be found to adhere to it, while such is not the case if water has been added to the milk, even in the smallest proportions.

POWER OF A HORSE'S SCENT.—There is one perception that a horse possesses to which little attention has been paid, and that is the power of scent. With some horses it is acute, as with a dog; and for the benefit of those who have to drive at night, such as physicians and others, this knowledge is invaluable. Never check your horse at night, but give him a free head, and you may rest assured that he will never get off the road, and will carry you expeditiously and safe.

IMPROVING BUTTER.—As a better plan than that recently given for improving the aroma of butter, that in use in many parts of Switzerland noted for good milk and fine butter, is recommended. The milk, as soon as it is drawn, and while yet warm, is filtered through a sprig of washed fir tips, the stem of which is inserted loosely and upright in the hole of the funnel. The milk deposits hairs, skin, clots, or gelatinous sliminess on the clear spicular leaves. It has imparted to it a most agreeable odor, and does not readily turn sour. A fresh sprig should be used each time.

PLANTS FROM CUTTINGS.—Plants from cuttings now taken will, if well grown, be large enough to furnish cuttings themselves by the middle, or end, of April, which will in turn be good plants for bedding out the last of May. If a hot-bed is obtainable, cuttings may be raised in great quantities. About the middle of April, plunge pots full of cuttings in a gentle hot-bed; they will root in a few days, and may then be potted off. They should then be grown in a cold frame, with plenty of air in fine weather, and by the middle of May they will be fine stocky plants for the garden.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

"SAMANTHA AT THE CENTENNIAL." Address, American Pub. Co., Hartford, Conn.

Prof. Schem's History of

THE WAR IN THE EAST,

or the conflict between RUSSIA and TURKEY is the LIVE book for LIVE agents. Has 700 octavo pages, 100 Engravings of Battles, Fortresses, Generals, &c. &c. Price $3.50. Terms unequaled. AGENTS WANTED. H. S. GOODSPEED & CO., New York or Cincinnati, O.

FREE! FREE! FREE! An immense Descriptive Catalogue of Novels, Song Books, Music, Negro Farces, Acting Plays, Letter Writers, Fortune Tellers, Reciters, Cook Books, Speakers, Dialogues, Joke Books, Ready Reckoners, Playing Cards, Books on Magic, Ventriloquism, Swimming, Boxing, Draughts, Cricket, Base Ball, Clog Shoes, Burnt Cork, Wigs, Face Preparations unequalled and unattained elsewhere. Mailed free upon application to C. T. E. WITT Publisher, 33 Rose street, New York.

The Saturday Evening Post
PHILADELPHIA
1821 FOUNDED AUG 4TH A.D. 1821

☞ NOTICE.

Subscribers wishing their paper changed will please give the name of the Post Office to be changed from, as well as the Post Office they wish it hereafter sent to.

All persons addressing letters to us should be careful to give the name of State as well as of town in which they live.

☞ A LIMITED NUMBER OF UNOBJECTIONABLE ADVERTISEMENTS RECEIVED AT THE FOLLOWING RATES, PAYABLE IN ADVANCE:

Fifty cents per line of space, Agate measurement, for each insertion

SPECIAL NOTICES 75 cents per line.

READING NOTICES, $1.00 per line.

Address all orders and make all drafts payable to THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,
No. 725 SANSOM STREET,
PHILADELPHIA, PA.

SATURDAY EVENING, MARCH 16, 1878.

Contents of this Number.

THE NEMESIS OF LOVE; by Clementine Montagu.—Chapters XX., XXI. and XXII.

THE RIVER CLOUD.—Concluded.

BITTER-SWEET—Chapters I., II.

FROM GLOOM TO SUNLIGHT—Chapters XXXVII., XXXVIII.

HOME CULTURE—Chapter XIV. concluded. Chapter XV., Home Life and the Life Beyond.

PHANTOMS; OR, A NIGHT MYSTERY, by C. Leon Gumpert.—A thrilling series of episodes. X.

FACETIÆ; by P. H. Doyle.

LADIES' DEPARTMENT.—Fashion Notes, Queries and Fireside Chat.

SHORT STORIES.

SCIENTIFIC AND USEFUL. NEWS OF INTEREST.

EDITORIALS—SANCTUM CHAT—POETRY.

FEMININITIES. FARM AND GARDEN.

ANSWERS TO INQUIRIES. RECEIPTS, GENERAL AND DOMESTIC AND MISCELLANY.

THE March number of *Woman's Words* will contain a portrait of our contributor, Mrs. Moore, and a sketch of her life as an author.

OUR BOYS AND GIRLS will be delighted to know that the POST has a department especially dedicated to them, and full of choice stories. We intend to make it a success for the juveniles.

TIMES are improving, and the skies grow brighter, and there is every reason to believe that our people will be the most prosperous in the world. Certainly there are resources in America sufficient to make all its people wealthy, with due exercise of talent and industry.

IN the next number of the POST we shall commence a story of absorbing interest by Mrs. Moore, the talented author of "On Dangerous Ground." It is entitled "AUNT ESTHER'S DOWRY," and is replete with that deep insight into character, naturalness of plot, and inculcation of high principle for which this writer is noted.

HOME CULTURE.—Mrs. H. O. Ward's excellent work upon etiquette in America, has now reached a vitally interesting point as regards "the best society" in this country, and the rules and regulations which characterize such an aristocracy. Our young lady readers will do well to profit by the information contained in this very fine dissertation upon manners.

READERS, as a rule, take a paper for the sake of being kept thoroughly informed as to the topics of the day, and also because they are desirous of being entertained as well as instructed. Therefore it is easy to understand the great hold the POST has had upon the people for the past fifty-seven years, and why it still continues not only to retain it, but to gain daily new patrons.

A VERY gracefully written preamble to the announcement of the coming Spring Fashions, is contained in this week's LADIES DEPARTMENT. The editor of this specialty in the POST makes the FASHION NOTES, an artistic and graphic picture of the most elegant modes, and Paris toilettes, the newest silk costumes, their style, arrangement and colors, and all which can attract lady readers. The household hints contained in FIRESIDE CHAT AND QUERIES are always valuable, and always worthy of the attention of good wives and good housekeepers.

IT is interesting to take up a periodical—a paper of the past thirty years, and compare it with one of the present era. Journalism and literature have kept pace with the spirit of the times, and the weekly paper of to day embodies the very essence of the energy of the life which it reproduces upon its pages. The scientific spirit which is revolutionizing the world is caught by the truly live journal, and it is in fact as it ought to be—a perfect epitome of the times. The old subscribers of the POST will notice this astonishing progress, by referring to the copies of this paper published say twenty years ago, and putting them in comparison with the present issues. They will discover that the "OLD SATURDAY EVENING POST" is as alive, as wide awake to the interests of its readers and to the demands of the present time, as the most progressive of our patrons could desire, and it even goes beyond its contemporaries by anticipating the reforms of the future and the necessities for constant variety, energy and effectiveness in all its departments.

"HOME CULTURE, and Sensible Etiquette of Our Best Society," which has been running through our columns since last June, is about to be published by Messrs. Porter & Coates, of this city. The following is the dedication, by the compiler, Mrs. H. O. Ward:

DEDICATION.

With a few words to the reader.

TO MY CHILDREN AND GRAND-CHILDREN, I dedicate this compilation, hoping that it may serve as a monitor through all the years of their lives, to remind them of the training of their childhood and youth.

In the same spirit, I dedicate it TO ALL YOUNG PEOPLE IN THE UNITED STATES, with the hope that some of them may be interested in its pages, as recalling to them the instruction that they have received; for, the essential rules of good behavior are everywhere the same, although social observances, forms and ceremonies differ with the customs and habits of different sections of our great Republic, as with the various nations of the world in which we live.

To YOUNG MOTHERS also this book is dedicated, with the knowledge that there is much in its pages that will aid them in the judicious training of their little ones. Let them not become impatient at finding the same topics touched upon again and again, since it is only in this way that their importance can be fixed in the memory.

A celebrated teacher when asked how many, and what, were the requisites for the successful instruction of the young, answered, as did Demosthenes of the importance of action in oratory: "Three—First, repetition; second, repetition; third, repetition."

This book is not one to be taken from the circulating library, or borrowed, skimmed over and returned. A copy should be found in every home. It contains in a condensed form some of the wisest teachings of past generations, as well as of our own time—teachings that will bear repetition. It should be read carefully, and kept as a book of reference. If read aright, it will inspire us to do our share toward "putting down" our faults, instead of trying to "put down" each other; to do a little toward making all whom we meet happy; toward making known to the rising generation that "of all the cankers of human happiness, none corrodes with so silent and so baleful an influence as indolence; that a mind always employed is always happy; that the idle are the only wretched;" that as the Hindu scriptures teach, Virtue is a service man owes himself, and though there were no heaven, nor any God to rule the world, it were not less the binding law of life; and that "our Saviour measured souls only by their love, preferring the forgiveness of an injury to a sacrifice."

The compiler has executed her task in vain, if the book, glanced over out of curiosity, is returned to the shelf without any of its suggestions being carried into practice. HARRIETTA OXNARD WARD.

NEWPORT, October, 1877.

THE NOVEL AND ITS USE.

When the literary artist attempts to write a work of fiction, he does not do so without a most careful research, not only into the details of the scene, but also into the history of the characters of his dramatis personæ. If he fails in such character drawing, the verdict of his readers is against him. Yet even if he draws nature closely, he is not to be considered as an artist unless he idealizes and enlivens the dull actual clay of his creation with the true fire and color of life. Therefore, novels which do not embody this poetry, this ideality, and which do not actually raise the soul above the level of everyday life, are to be condemned.

There is a deep, a most potent utility in fiction. The really artistic novel serves all the purposes for which any work of art was designed—whether a picture, a statue or a poem. The thoroughly fine novel is a picture of life itself, touched with the subtle colors of word-painting—description of scenery and graphic delineation of human character, so that the reader sees nature, and yet more than nature. He discerns the soul of the mere clod in the work; he recognizes life, and yet idealized life, life transfigured and exalted; and the lessons which such works of fiction teach are fraught with a deep knowledge of humanity and its strivings for a perfect future, and with a deep moral purpose.

There is no question about the moral and intellectual value of Scott's "Ivanhoe," "Kenilworth," "Heart of Mid-Lothian," etc; of Bulwer's "Caxtons," "What Will He Do with It," "My Novel," "The Last Days of Pompeii," etc.; Charles Reade's many fine romances; Bronte's "Jane Eyre;" Thackeray's wonderful masterpieces; Dickens' creations, or George Eliot's carefully-painted *chef d'œuvres* of English life. No, for these works have been adjudged by a discerning and discriminating public—a multitude of appreciative readers—to be worthy of the laurels which their authors wear. All these works have been pronounced by the clamor of the world to be works not only of intrinsic value, of artistic power and of genius, but also to be fictions fraught with good—the true moral power—profound research and insight into the realms of the human heart—love, peace and good will toward men. Such fictions are therefore really valuable in more senses than one, and serve a noble purpose; but all fiction "pointing a moral and adorning a tale," benefits somebody who reads and strives to absorb its drift and meaning.

SANCTUM CHAT.

THERE is no science in which philosophers have been so prone to invent dazzling theories, as that of astronomy, and none which appeals so strongly to the imagination. Every day we hear of startling and ingenious hypotheses respecting the various planets, and the stellar worlds.

—

THIS is the age of profound delving for reasons, causes, and the springs of actions; and it is this very science of research that will stimulate science and art to their highest possible powers in the next generation, when a race of real scholars will usurp the places now held by sciolists and amateurs.

—

"BEWARE of the Ides of March," said the soothsayer to Cæsar. Cæsar, we are told, did not beware, and the result was fatal. Ever since this warning we have also tried to beware, because we always thought some mischief would befall us on that day. The *Ides*, according to the Roman calendar, comes on the 15th of the month. That came on Friday this year, and as we all know that is a terribly unlucky day, and as March is generally a rough month, perhaps the old soothsayer was right.

—

A REPRESENTATION of nature, in order to be a perfect picture, must abide by organic laws. It must not, and ought not, present itself as an aggregation, but as a growth. It should obey laws peculiarly its own, through the operation of which it has grown from its germ of chaos to its perfection of form and feeling. That inception must have been near a human heart, that development must have been quickened, vitalized and fed upon by essences purely human—and that perfection must be that of the divine unity to which tend all the mysterious operations of forces which are not inorganic.

—

IF it were announced that Mr. So and So, the distinguished scientist, had invented a machine by which we could, by simply consulting it, read and unriddle the thoughts of our neighbors, one would not much wonder at it, for the telephone, the phonograph, and the liquefaction of gases are sufficient to cause us all to exclaim: "What next—*anything* is possible now-a-days!" and to contradict *in toto* Solomon's asservation, that "nothing is new under the sun!" This we deny, for if old Solomon had seen any of the above named philosophical wonders, he would have at once taken a pen and scratched out his narrow aphorism. "Nothing new!" Forsooth! We think he is mistaken. Talking to a friend fifty miles distant by voice, as well as by dot and dash, strikes us as novel in the extreme.

—

THE American national games seem to be base-ball and euchre. The English prefer cricket and whist. Now, we as a people who are more apt to take our pleasures on the wing, and to dispose of a game in the swiftest possible time, who do not have the leisure for amusement that the older nations possess, are quite right in adopting such pastimes as show skill and wit, and yet do not infringe upon the growing demands of the hour. Cricket and whist are not a whit more scientific than base-ball and euchre; but they demand more time and absorption. To play base-ball well, requires the acme of strength, wit and quickness. To play euchre well demands the vivacity of acumen which we, as a nation, possess. Hence these games are popular here, while whist and cricket do not attract the mass, simply because, though intellectual sports, they do not bring out the powers of the mental and physical man as thoroughly, nor as quickly as our games of cards and ball. It is only in the refined circles of wealthy leisure, that individuals can afford to recreate themselves with pastimes which are really subtle and absorbing.

—

WHAT would we say if we saw a personage who never had any occasion to wish. Yet such a personage existed not so long ago. This personage was none other than a certain elderly lady who had lost her wits! She had lost her wits assuredly, yet she had wits enough left to know how to be happy and content; and how, pray? By imagining herself possessed of all the wealth—the real and personal estate of the entire universe. If we happened to speak of Nevada silver mines, or Pennsylvania railroad stock, or of the Bank of England, she would smilingly nod her head and say, "mine, mine—all mine." There was no limit to her gorgeous imaginary possessions. She saved her husband thousands of dollars in millinery and dress-makers bills—simply by imagining herself possessed of such and such a hat, such and such a style of fashion, such and such a trinket. Jewel of a woman—gifted—we may use the term aright in this regard—gifted with the glorious insanity of a vivid imagination, she might indeed say, "I am monarch of all I survey"—having no necessity to wish for anything. Blessedly *non compos*, and desiring nothing among created things, for the very good reason that she possessed all.

—

GIFTED to an extraordinary degree with the purest quality of philosophical impudence are the borrowing bores of society, who make victims of all meek and weak humanity. Charles Lamb says "the lender was born expressly to serve the borrower." He forms a part of that chain of destruction which is going on in the universe, and his prey is the lender, and just as the naturalists tell us that the herring is the prey of the codfish, and the codfish of the sturgeon, so the lender was created especially to suffer the borrower to stick to him and destroy him. Not so very long ago, there was a tall, stout, elegantly attired, good-looking personage bending over a little dried up specimen of humanity who was quietly sipping his coffee in a restaurant. A patient mannikin was this little fellow, and he seemed to be hard of hearing, for the big man, overawing the little man by his presence, was saying—in fact we ourselves heard him say: "I shall call on you next week for five dollars—if you work; I shall be short." To which the little man, nodding his head faintly, and in a stifled voice merely replied: "All right—all right," as though he felt it to be an overwhelming fate which he ought not to try to struggle against. He knew he was predestined to toil by the sweat of his brow for the big dandy who overshadowed him so. Think of the cool tenor of the demand. The rogue does not cringe a particle. He does not say, "I would like to have," or "if you please," but, "I *shall* call on you," and then to complete the assurance adds, "*if you work!*" and his poor bond-slave of a little man is totally helpless, and yields his pocket-book to the other without a murmur.

HOME CULTURE.

XXXVII.

SELF-TRAINING;

A COMPANION TO THE

"YOUNG LADY'S FRIEND,"

Compiled to Suit Life in America,

BY

MRS. H. O. WARD.

CHAPTER XIV.—(CONTINUED.)

This may not be easy to do in youth; for youth is impatient and quick to take offense, and equally quick to resent, where the nature is not under the control of Christian principles. Age learns to be compassionate, to make allowances for those who have had fewer advantages in their youth than others; to listen less readily to the inventions of tale-bearers, and the whispers of slanderers, and is not ready to form judgments of others from recitals of rudenesses which may have had no foundation in fact. It is soon enough to believe persons capable of wanton rudeness when you have witnessed their rudeness.

A large proportion of our dislikes spring from real or fancied slights, from idle gossip, and from trials of our temper, which it is our duty to pass over.

Undoubtedly the best manners of our best society are found in the most exclusive circles of our cities; but no circle is exclusive enough to be able to keep out all the unmannerly. Foreigners are quick to notice that in New England there is more respect shown towards those who are advancing in years, and to the aged, than is elsewhere seen in America; but this respect is everywhere the distinguishing mark of our best society. Any want of what is due to those who have passed the noon of life and are on its declining slope, in short—any lack of respectful attentions to older persons, such as children are trained to give by worthy mothers, is a characteristic of plebeian blood and of an untrained youth.

Yet as in a republic, far more than under monarchical governments, men have it in their power to raise themselves above the disadvantages which plebeian blood entails, to stations of great honor and responsibility; therefore, birth should be held as entirely of secondary consideration in social claims. If true to our principles, antecedents would never be mentioned in connection with such claims, people would then say, "the man has not used his opportunities for self-education; therefore, avoid him," instead of as now: "His grandfather was a stage-driver, so of course he can guide a four-in-hand uncommonly well, but he has no *savoir-vivre*." In Florence, some years since a handsome, well-dressed woman was shunned by Americans, because rumor spread the report that she had once lived as kitchen-maid with a well-known New York gentleman. The story may have been true, but it was probably an invention; This is one of the weaknesses of our social structure, and the only way to overcome it is to make education, and not birth, the test of the individual. Life is too short to hob-nob with uncongenial and illiterate persons, who have no other social claims than those which a well-known name confers; and agreeable, well-bred persons are too few in number to lose the opportunity of enjoying each other's society because some envious woman or cowardly man has stigmatized one of these persons as low born. "*La famille est riche, mais pas de precisement la vielle roche*," was once the reply of a Philadelphia born lady when asked by a foreigner in Washington if she knew a certain family in her own city. Any allusion to the age of the family was unnecessary, as the stranger had asked the simple question, "do you know Mr. and Mrs. Blank?" When he afterwards learned that this same family had a history of about two hundred years in America, and a descent from one of the oldest families of the gentry in England, he lost his confidence in the reliability of information on such subjects in a country where antecedents are invented by enemies, and published to the world, more frequently than are the true histories of its families.

But it is sheer folly to place any weight upon descent in judging of the merits of families, excepting in illustration of the passage of Holy Writ, that a "tree is known by its fruits." Where the ancestors have been men, and still more important, women of culture, we expect the fruit of the tree to be worthy of its roots. Had the American lady in Florence really been a kitchen-maid with mean parentage, and had she by persistent energy of character and systematic cultivation of her powers of mind (with that attention to manners which is requisite) raised herself from the position of a scullion to be an object for the shafts of that Diana who loves a shining mark quite as well as death does, would she not deserve the esteem of the estimable, more than would the woman who is the possessor of advantages which transmitted culture and careful training can alone confer?

There are many who, though they will not confess it, nevertheless hold the idea that a woman demeans herself by manual labor, and that if she wishes to be considered a gentlewoman she must lead an aimless, useless, idle life. Our ways and our habits have been so gradually altered by civilization and increase of property that all gentlewomen lead in these days very different lives from those of their ancestresses. The life led by an English lady of rank in the times of King Edward IV., would disgust the daughter of a rich New England farmer of the present day. A page in the diary of one reads as follows: "Rose at four o'clock and helped Catharine to milk the cows. Six o'clock, breakfasted; the butlock of beef too much boiled, and the beer a little of the stalest. Seven, went to walk with the lady, my mother, in the courtyard. Ten, went to dinner. Eleven, rose from table, the company all desirous of walking in the fields. Four, went to prayers. Six, fed the hogs and poultry. Seven, supper on the table. Nine o'clock, the company fast asleep; these late hours are very disagreeable."

American ladies of high position are not expected to milk cows, but if circumstances oblige them to perform even such duties, it is a mistake to fancy that it can abate one jot or one tittle of their ladyhood. The lady who accepts the position of a housekeeper is a lady still, and sometimes more of one than the woman who employs her. If there were less false pride upon this subject, and reduced gentlewomen would take such positions, instead of swelling the numbers of teachers that vainly seek situations with salaries commensurate to the value they place on their services, how much might their own comfort in life be increased, to say nothing of the advantages which teachers would reap by diminishing the competition. Many years ago, a pretentious young woman and a snobbish young man (brother and sister) after their return home from an evening party, were criticising the company, quite unaware that their sensible old uncle was lying awake in his chamber, and could hear every word from where they stood in the corridor. "Why, even the Grinders were there, and you know their grandfather was a grocer; I was never in such a mixed company,' said the sister. "And we never will be again, if I can help it," answered the brother. The uncle called out, "Children, what do you think your grandfather was? He was a boot-maker, and some people say not a very honest one either. Now, go to bed."

It is just this class of families who are always the most interested in the antecedents of others. Nine cases out of ten the man who whenever any name is mentioned, tells you who the grandfather was, does not know much about his own grandparents. We always reach after the things that we do not possess, and the man of no family, when he acquires position, is always harping upon the subject of birth. With him it is not, "are they well-educated and agreeable people?" but "who are they? what was their father's business? are they in society? who was their grandfather?"

It is time enough to go back into antecedents when any alliance by marriage is contemplated. Then every father and mother is justified in questioning closely to see whether there are any physical weaknesses, moral defects, or blood taints to be transmitted to another generation.

Yet, it must be admitted that everyone does take more or less interest and satisfaction in hearing of the antecedents of supercilious or pretentious people, and learning that "the stock" they came from does not warrant us to expect any less pretension, any less superciliousness. But we should not exalt family into that importance which it justly retains in countries where property is entailed, or where to be of good birth is supposed to entail culture as a necessary consequence. As has already been said, an old family will lose its prestige if its members neglect that degree of culture which enabled their ancestors to take, and to hold, a foremost position in the ranks of society. "It takes three generations to make a gentleman," says Sir Robert Peel; but alas! it takes only one generation to undo the work. Just as the proper development of the physique through several generations produces a higher type of organization, so the cultivation of the moral and spiritual nature elevates the human soul and gives us a higher type of moral and spiritual life in the individual. Here come aptly in the words of Caius Marius again, giving emphasis to the truth that it is not what our ancestors made themselves, but what we make ourselves, that our standing, our merits, our influence depends upon. "The glory of ancestors casts a light, indeed, upon their posterity; but it only serves to show what the descendants are. It alike exhibits to public view their degeneracy and their worth." An English author very sensibly defines the duties of the individual, or rather his proper objects in life if he wishes to fit himself for good society, to make himself better in every respect than he is; to render himself agreeable to every one with whom he has to do; and to improve, if necessary, the society in which he is placed. If he can do this, he will not want good society long. It is in the power of every man to create it for himself. An agreeable and polished person attracts like light, and every kind of society which is worth entering will soon and easily open its doors to him, and be glad to have him in its circle. As surely as water finds its level, so surely will they who are fitted for the best society find their way to a permanent place in it.

The best society is not always gay society; it may be a gay circle, or it may be a literary one, or it may be made up of literary people and gay people, or of people neither literary nor gay; but, in order to be *our best society*, it must be largely composed of well-born, well trained, and highly cultured families. Let the foreigner who asserts that "America has no fine society," remember that he has not seen all our circles. Wherever a want of true refinement marks the circle, where culture is deficient, and bad manners prevail, no matter how much wealth may lend its support to vulgarity, he need not fancy he has seen our best society. But when he finds himself in a circle that is governed by the same laws that govern the most refined circles in his own land—when he meets ladies and gentlemen whose manners are the manners of the true gentlewoman and the true gentleman everywhere, then, and not until then, has he seen "our best society."

CHAPTER XV.

HOME LIFE, AND THE LIFE BEYOND.

"Nothing keeps the heart so fresh and young, saves it from bitterness and corrosion through the cares and conflicts and disappointments of life as the daily enjoyment of a happy home." May I always keep this in remembrance, and do everything that lies in my power to make our home the happiest spot on spot on earth for our children.—From a mother's journal of 1856-57.

Home should be pure and happy, a sacred altar of love, a school for sympathy and forbearance; a centre from which an impulse for wider work may spring, and whence self-sacrifice in daily trifles may swell into the self-sacrifice of a life for universal objects.—Rev. S. A. Brooke.

All men move
Under a canopy of love
As broad as the blue sky above.
* * Doubt and trouble, fear and pain
And anguish—all are sorrows vain—
E'en death itself shall not remain.
Though weary deserts we may tread
A dreary labyrinth may thread,
Through dark ways under ground be led;
Yet, if we will our guide obey,
The dreariest path, the darkest way
Shall issue in endless day:
And we on various shores now cast,
Shall meet, our perilous voyage past,
Each in our Father's Home at last.
* * * * They only miss
The coming to that final bliss—
Who will not count it true that love,
Blessing, not cursing, rules above;
And that in it we live and move.

And one thing further we must know,
That to believe these things are so—
This firm faith never to forego—
Despite of all that seems at strife
With blessings, and with curses rife,
That this is blessing—this is life.
—Trench.

A mother once asked a clergyman when she should begin to educate her child—then over three years old. "Madam," was his reply, "you have lost three years already. From the first smile in your infant's eyes, your opportunity begins. Education is a mental railway, beginning at birth, and running on to eternity. No hand can lay it in the right direction but the hand of a mother. The mother's heart is the child's school-room. Children will imitate the faults of their parents, more surely than their virtues, and it is not easy to straighten in the woody grapevines the twists that grew in green tendrils. Evil habits are in no way more effectually propagated among children than by example. Parents must be what they wish their children to be, and when once this great truth has taken possession of a mother's mind, her child becomes her educator, leading her forward, and developing her as no other influence can lead her. There is no half-way resting place for humanity; we are always sinking, unless we are rising; going backward, unless we are pressing forward. If the heart is not fixed in youth on the progressive love of truth and purity, it will, from its own inherent selfishness and worldliness, and sensuousness, sink gradually, but surely, into the false and the impure. The carelessness of youth passes into the indifference of adult life and the callousness of age. What can be more revolting than an old age, cold, hard and selfish? Yet this is the natural and almost unavoidable result in hearts whose aspirations are not for those things which cannot grow old, and which the world can neither give nor take away. Renan tells us that Jesus measured souls only by their love; that he preferred the forgiveness of an injury to a sacrifice; that the love of God, charity, mutual forgiveness, was all that constituted his law. And it is the observance of this law that makes happy homes; that keeps the heart young; that enables mothers to train their children for lives of usefulness and progress here, and for ever increasing happiness and progress hereafter. A heart filled with the love of all that is noble and good, can never grow old; for it will go on growing in all that is lovely and gracious, so long as it lives; and, where there is perpetual growth of the faculties there can be no decay. We grow old, not by wear, but by rust; and we can never become the prey of rust while our faculties are kept bright by the power and the exercise of earnest love. It is by our own weakness and indolence if our spiritual body ever gathers a wrinkle on its brow. It is the mother's privilege to plant in the hearts of her children these seeds of love which, if nurtured and fostered, will bear the blossom of perpetual youth, and the fruit of earnest and useful lives. It is her province to train them, so that they will be capable of meeting the duties and emergencies of life, and in so training them, and in nourishing the tender plants of love, we have seen that she keeps her own heart fresh and young, and insures the growth of the powers wherewith she is endowed. Our talents do not multiply when we fold them in a napkin of indifference, and bury them in the earth of our lower nature. No class of human beings bears a more heavy weight of responsibility than that which is placed beyond the necessity of effort; and there is none whose position has a stronger tendency to blind it to the calls of duty. Every gift bestowed on us by Providence, whether of mind, body, or estate, is but another talent, for the employment of which we must one day be called to account. Therefore, those parents who occupy positions which place their children beyond the need of effort, should, when the days of their children's school-life draw to a close, help them to select some special duty or employment which will occupy and develop their mental life; and so save them from the insanity, ennui, and selfishness that are sure to follow in the footsteps of idleness. "My son, it is better for you not to go into business; you do not know anything about it, and you have such a distaste for it that you will never succeed," said a discouraged father. The mother exclaimed, "you are as unwise as if you had told him, when he commenced learning to read, that it was better for him not to learn his letters, because he did not already know them, and because he had a distaste for learning them, and therefore he never could learn to read." The father saw his mistake before it was too late to profit by it, aiding the mother in the end that she had sought to attain through all the years of her son's life. And parents must have an end in view, or their labor will be in vain. It is idle to seek for means to accomplish anything until there is a distinct image in the mind of the thing that is to be done. This is as necessary in the forming of character as in the choosing of an occupation. Do you wish your child not to acquire the habit of evil-speaking? Then you have to form the resolution never to deal lightly with the reputation of another, never to repeat a slander; always to exercise that charity which you wish your child to show towards the erring. Without this course upon your part, all your counsels will be as naught; if you delight in dwelling upon the faults of others, if you pull aside the mantle of charity that should be made to cover the infirmities of your friends, your example will nullify all your teaching, and your admonitions will be worse than lost. Do you desire your child's face to glow with good humor, contentment and satisfaction, so that its presence will warm and cheer, as sunbeams? Then let your own face be illuminated with the sunshine of love; for there is no home that is not shadowed, as by a cloud, if one countenance appears within it darkened by discontent. Kind deeds, and kind words, and loving looks are as truly works of charity as pecuniary gifts; and they are most needed in the home circle.

Would you cultivate moral courage in your child? Then say and do whatever you conscientiously believe to be right and true, without being influenced by the opinions of others, showing him that you fear nothing but failing to fulfil your duty. This is very difficult, because the customs and conventionalisms of society hedge us about so closely from our very infancy, that they constrain us when we are unconscious of it, and lead us to act, and to refrain from acting, in a way which our better judgment would forbid, did we consult its indications without being influenced by the world. But every mother can at least show her appreciation of moral courage when it is exhibited by others, and in this way incite its growth in the souls of her children. Those who possess this rare faculty, moral courage, are enabled to act, in all the social relations of life, with perfect independence of the opinions of the world, and when not too impulsive, are governed only by the laws of abstract propriety, uprightness, and charity.

Would you save your child from the evils of indolence, that rust which corrodes and dulls the faculties? Then you must be earnest in purpose and fervent in spirit. Earnestness is a vitalizing force, which quickens and brightens the faculties. By indolence we sink ever lower and lower; by earnestness we rise ever higher and higher. In the circle of man's evil propensities there is perhaps no one that is a more fruitful mother of wretchedness and crime than the propensity to indolence. Labor is sometimes spoken of, from the pulpit even, as a curse, from which we shall be delivered in the life to come. Nothing can be farther from the truth. Employment is the life of every soul, from the Most High down to the least of His children. There is an old proverb that tells us—"Idleness is the devil's pillow;" and well may it be so esteemed, for no head ever rested long upon it, but the lips of the evil spirit were at its ear, breathing falsehood and temptation.

Every hour of patient labor, whether with the hands, or in study or thought, brings with it its own priceless reward, in its direct effects upon the character; while jealousy, envy, discontent and love of scandal, are among the products of an idle, empty mind. "My present situation is so much beneath me that it seems degrading to me to occupy it," said a young man who had taken a situation from necessity, that he would not have taken from choice. It is not a high or low duty that elevates or degrades a man, but the performing any duty well or ill. The honor or shame lies in the mode of performance, not in the quality of duty. Let no one complain that he has not been placed in the right niche. We are placed just in that position in life which is best adapted to overcome the evil dispositions of our nature, and to cultivate our powers of mind, and heart, and soul. Besides its use in the education of our powers and faculties, employment is a blessing in helping us to bear the severest trials of this life. When grief is tugging at our heartstrings, when our eyes are blinded with tears—then it is that we grope our way out of our homes to work in fields that we did not choose, and to labor for the Master who called us. Wake the dreamer roughly, drive spurs and goad into his heart! He will wince, and writhe, and roll and gnash his teeth, but he cannot lie still. He must be up and doing, from sheer torture, flying to one remedy after another, till he gets to work, and so finds distraction, solace, presently comfort; and after a while, looking yet higher, hope, happiness, and reward. Sorrow-taught, he merges his own identity in the community, of which he is but an atom, taking his first step, though at a humble and immeasurable distance, in the track of self-sacrifice, on which, after more than eighteen hundred years, the footprints are still fresh, still ineffaceable. Let him weep his heart out, if he will! The deeper the furrows are scored, the heavier shall be the harvest, the richer the garnered grain. Not a tear falls but it fertilizes some barren spot, from which hereafter shall come up the fresh verdure of an eternal spring. When the pitiless millstone of grief comes crushing down upon the heart and pounds it to powder, we cry aloud in our agony, and protest that no sorrow was ever so unbearable as ours. What mole working underground was ever so blind as humanity to its own good? Why, that same grinding to powder is the only means by which the daintiest flour can be obtained.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

ALL IN A LIFETIME.

BY E. C. STEDMAN.

Thou shalt have sun and shower from heaven above,
Thou shalt have flower and thorn from below.
Thine shall be foe to hate and friend to love,
Pleasures that others gain, the ill they know—
And all in a lifetime.

Hast thou a golden day, a starlight night,
Mirth and music, and love without alloy?
Leave no drop undrunk of thy delight,
Sorrow and shadow follow on thy joy:
'Tis all in a lifetime.

What if the battle end and thou hast lost?
Others have lost battles thou hast won:
Haste thee, bind thy wounds, nor count the cost;
Over the fields will rise to-morrow's sun.
'Tis all in a lifetime.

Laugh at the braggart sneer, the open scorn—
'Ware of the secret stab, the slanderous lie;
For seventy years of turmoil thou wast born,
Bitter and sweet are thine till those go by.
'Tis all in a lifetime.

Reckon thy voyage well, and spread the sail—
Wind and calm and current shall warp the way;
Compass shall set thee false, and chart shall fail;
Ever the waves will use thee for their play.
'Tis all in a lifetime.

Thousands of years agone were change and change,
Thousands of ages hence the same shall be;
Naught of thy joy and grief is new or strange;
Gather apace the good that falls to thee!
'Tis all in a lifetime.

THE RIVEN CLOUD.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "OLD MYDDELTON'S MONEY," "SORA'S LOVE-TEST," "REAPING THE WHIRLWIND," ETC.

CHAPTER XI.—[CONTINUED.]

He has listened to me without a movement of face or figure, and he does not speak even now when I pause. But his eyes are lowered from my face—I think in his surprise and fear.

"Never mind about the rent," I go on, hurrying my words, partly in pity for him, partly in my own nervousness. "Father does not mind, only—only please go if there is danger for you in staying here. I will make it easy for you. You need not tell me what time you choose. I shall not go to bed to-night, and it will be—all right. Go softly, and even if I do not hear, I will be sure to make all right after your departure. Oh, I hope you understand!"

He speaks at last, coldly and stiffly.

"What right have you to suspect me?"

"It is no question of suspicion, Mr. Carden."

"Does that man whom you are going to marry suspect me, too?"

Ah, it is such a cold and solitary room, and he has so much to fear! Though my pulses quicken, my passion cannot live in the face of the misery that I know now is in store both for ourselves and him.

"Philip knows you only as our lodger. He knows of no debt of yours to us, and he suspects no cause for your—concealment. He never could."

"And your father?" Mr. Carden goes on, still quite unmoved, it seems to me. "Does he suspect me, too? Was it he who sent you to me now?"

"No; I came of my own accord. Father is too much troubled just now to feel more than sorrow at the thought of your being turned from house—as we shall be."

"He said that, did he? And the old lady—your aunt?"

"She is only crying." And now I, too, am crying in a very passion of misery, hard as I try to help being a baby in this man's presence.

"That helps you greatly, doesn't it," he asks, in his iciest way—"with those three children, too? Now tell me how you came to suspect me—for you do, I know, even if no one else in the house does."

For my answer, I put the printed paper, folded as it was, down upon the table beside him.

"No one has seen it," I say, trembling, "but myself and father. Keep it, please. Your—your secret is quite safe with us."

"Stop!" he cries suddenly and quite loudly, as I turn away. "Why are you hurrying away? Tell me"—his tones grow even sharper with each word—"whether you have friends to go to?"

"No."

He is putting the paper unopened into his pocket, knowing so well, of course, what it contains, and there is no touch of pity in his voice.

"No friends? Why has your father made himself no friends to help him in his need?"

"You have no right to question me so!" I say, looking fiercely at him through my tears.

"No, no right," he answers a little less urgently. "I only thought it so strange that your father, who seems to have many good qualities, should have no friend to help him in such a time as this. Your little sister told me once she had an uncle somewhere. Surely you can go to him?"

"No," I say, but of course I will not utter to this stranger a word against my own father's brother.

"Has he behaved badly to you or your father, then?"

"I have never known him, and father never speaks of him."

"He is not a scamp, then?" Mr. Carden asks, still in his stony way.

"Certainly not; he is my father's brother"—for would I let this stranger into secrets which father himself has always kept so sacredly, even from us? "Now, Mr. Carden, will you bid me good-bye?"

"But," he says, rising at last, "tell me where to find you if—I come back."

"I cannot," I say brokenly. "I do not know. And you may—not come. I hope you have somewhere you can go. I—I wish it were different for—you, as well as for—us all. Please say good-bye, and—remember it will be quite safe for you to pass out—to-night; and—and your secret is very safe with us—very safe."

"I will prepare to go, as you advise, but I will not say good-bye to you alone. I will call in and say it to you all together."

I tell him, in a troubled way (for somehow, strange as it may seem, I am almost as troubled for him to-night as for ourselves—quite, indeed, for is he not alone and in hiding, and have we not each other?), that it will not be wise. But he says nothing more to me, and as I leave the room I see him at once open the little hair trunk and begin to pack.

CHAPTER XII.

We try our best, all of us, to make this evening seem like other evenings; but of course we fail. The strange man keeps his seat in the shop till about nine o'clock, when I miss him. I know he can only have gone to the tavern a few doors off, but I am delighted that the house should be free of him even for those few minutes. The children go to bed now, but father still plods patiently through the shop-books, groping for some way out of our difficulty. Philip has not returned to us yet, and, though I try not to think of it, Lottie whispers to me how tired he will be, because he had had a hard day's walking before he started. Lottie herself is crocheting without a pause, just as if she felt that we were all dependent on her fingers now. I am helping father—at least trying to make the accounts smooth and straightforward to him. So another hour goes by, and then aunt Charlotte tells me I may help her upstairs. I try my best to tempt her to take something before she goes, but she is low and spiritless, and will not listen to me.

"Steven," she asks, pausing beside father on her way, "is there no way for us out of this trouble?"

Father looks up. His grey hair is pushed from his haggard face, but there is for her the shadow of his old smile still.

"Only by passing through it, my dear."

"Where are we to sleep to-morrow night? In the streets?"

"I hope not, Charlotte—I hope not. But let us live through the troubles of to-morrow till they come. We shall bear them then—Heaven helping us."

"But we may not be able," she says, not bitterly now so much as sadly; and then she lays her hand on her brother's shoulder.

"Steve"—ah, I can see by his face that his name, from her lips, carries him, swift as thought, to those old times he never speaks of!—"you needn't try to make light of it to me. All your life you have tried to make troubles lighter for—us all. We—I ought now to be softening this for you."

He cannot speak—poor father!—in his glad surprise. He takes aunt Charlotte's hand from his shoulder, and holds it in his. She understands, just as he understands the change this evening has shown him in her.

"From to-night," she says softly, "I will try—Heaven helping me, as you say, Steve—to be different."

When I have left Charlotte in bed, and very gratefully returned the unusually gentle kiss she gives me, I creep into Lottie's room, where she stands in the dark, crying pitifully, with her head in her hands.

"Oh, Jean," she sobs, without uncovering her wet eyes, "after to-night what shall we do, homeless, penniless?"

I am not a bit more brave and trusting than she is, so we can only cry together in the darkness here, just for those few minutes which we can spare to be together, where we do not hide our sorrow.

The little boys are wide awake when I go noiselessly into their room, and to-night their close round me as if they were afraid to let me go.

As I go down the lower stairs Philip comes up one or two and meets me, and though it is dark, and I cannot see his face, I know at once by his step that he has met only with disappointment.

"I cannot borrow the money, Jeanie," he says, hurrying to tell me, but holding me the while so tenderly and protectingly that he tells me thus unspokenly how he would guard me, if he could, from hardship such as this. "I have tried every one I know, and cannot. Now I am going to your landlord, just to—just to," Philip repeats, trying to speak quite airily of this new and futile idea—"just to put a case to him. I saw a light in his windows as I passed, so I shall find him. Will you wait up for me for half an hour? Oh, my love, if I could bear all this for you! I thought my own disappointments and privations hard to bear, but they seem nothing now when I feel what it may be to leave you unsettled and—in need."

"Philip," I whisper, nervously unclasping his hands from about me, as a door above us softly opens—for I know that Mr. Carden is coming to make his escape—"please go." (I know Philip far too well to fear that he will misconstrue me.) "I will wait up for you if you are all night away. Let me bolt the door behind you. Oh, how I always miss you, Philip!"

In a minute afterwards he has gone out into the almost quiet street, and I have closed the door loudly as I can, that Mr. Carden, if he is listening and waiting, may feel quite sure the way is clear for him now.

CHAPTER XIII.

When I join father again, he is still at his close examination of the accounts, and the strange man has not returned. While I gently draw the books away, and coax him from this futile work, I am aware that some one enters the room behind me, and comes up to father's side. I know Mr. Carden's step, and I remember how he had said he should come in and bid us all good-bye. So, feeling what a cold and comfortless departure this must be for him, and also how important it is that we should not detain him for fear of the bailiff's return, I turn at once from father and smile a sort of welcome for this poor and solitary lodger of ours.

But the smile dies a sudden death on my lips! my hands seize on father's chair; and there comes a sudden pain across my forehead, in this new intense surprise. It is our lodger who comes up to father's side, and yet it is not. It is some one I have seen before, and yet a stranger—a small old gentleman, with thin grey hair and blue eyes—like father's own—and a pale earnest face—like father's own! The familiar quiet room reels round me, and two voices—both familiar quiet voices—seem to reach me from a long, long distance.

"Dolf!"—"Steve!"

"Am I dreaming, Dolf?"

"No, I am come back—to be forgiven and to save you—brother Steve."

One day, thousands of years ago, two brothers met again who had parted years before in anger; and, when the younger fell upon his brother's neck and kissed him, they both wept. Remembering this, what brothers now need feel it shame to meet again with tears and kisses?

"Steve"—it must be a long time afterwards, for the words are distinct in my ears now, and the two faces clear before my eyes—"you have more to forgive than that cruelty and injustice of twenty years ago. You have this last deception to forgive me. I will explain that, Steve, presently, when I have told you of my coming home. It is only lately that my eyes were first opened—so completely had Murray duped and blinded me—to the real nature of that so-called friend who had monopolised the place of my own brother. But, after having been warned once, and having detected the selfish mercenary motive, it was very easy to read a course of lies and deceit. While we had been out in Australia together, the capital I took (leaving you penniless, Steve, as I remember only too bitterly,) had made us both rich men. Murray needed my co-operation no longer, so did not care to guard the deception, or with any care disguise his selfish, grasping nature. At any rate, it all grew so plain to me that I was lost in wonder how I could ever have been blinded by his lying misrepresentations—as we do wonder, you know, Steve, when the scales have fallen from our eyes. I knew then how I had been duped, how entirely from the first the fault had been on my side—never on yours. How could I ever have doubted this remembering our youth together, and your denying, patient, trustful nature? I had believed the falsehoods that were invented of you. I had suspected and misjudged you. I had said and done most hard and cruel things. What wonder if I felt that you could never forgive me—that you never ought to forgive me? But—but, Steve, when I saw you again, when I heard again the old gentle unsuspicious tones, I knew I could ask even that from you. We were lads together, Steve, and for the sake of that time, and the dear memory of the mother who loved us both so equally, you—will forgive me."

There is a little silence, while father stands with both his hands in his brother's, gazing at him wonderingly—seeing his face, I think, only among the mists and memories of twenty years.

"Now, Steve, for this later fraud. My fortune was won when I first had my eyes clearly opened to Murray's motives and conduct, but I knew I could not enjoy it unless I came to England to share it with you in the old home which years before I had bought back. But as the old stories had been disproved only by my own heart, I made a plan—not in suspicion, Steve, only in a solitary man's longing to find you what I remembered you as a boy, and what I had lately loved to fancy you as a man, growing old like myself—to see the life you had led, and would lead before knowing your brother had come home rich and you need work no longer. You could never understand that cowardly longing, Steve, it could only belong to a solitary man who had made himself no home-ties, and had been cruelly deceived by the only man he had ever taken to be his friend. So—this longing being so very strong upon me—I resolved to test you first. And I did—only to find my brother just what I could remember him—generous, self-denying, unsuspicious even in his poverty. Even your children, Steve"—he looks at me now, glad, I think, to turn his eyes for a moment from father's agitated face—"have won my heart for their own sakes, by showing me what they too could be to a stranger who, without a shadow of a claim, threw himself upon their charity and compassion. The man whose escape you planned so kindly, Jean, is as grateful to you as if he had really been in terror of the law. The poor young lodger who has lived on your charity from day to day is as thankful as if he really had had nothing else to hope for. The solitary fellow who spent so many hours in a cold and lonely room feels your hospitality as grateful as if he had no other home to go to. But let me explain the fraud. It is such a relief to speak without a lisp, and I am not afraid of your recognising your brother's voice now, Steve.

"As I had determined, if possible, to prove the falsehood of those lies under your own roof, you may imagine I was delighted to see that you had rooms to let. I made Jean promise to keep them for me on an uncertainty, and then I sent to tempt you with three times the sum you had asked, with the certainty of letting the rooms for a permanency, and with an offer you could have safely closed with in that very hour. But you had promised, and the promise was sacredly kept. I came and stayed week after week, without paying—I, who had no claim upon you! Just because I was poor—you thought—and solitary, you gave me shelter and warmth and kindness—ay, and even food too, however little you might have among yourselves. Steve, never once, either from yourself or from your children, have I heard anything but what was generous and compassionate!

"Jean, I tempted you most of all, through that printed bill, which offered you a sum which would have lifted all trouble from your young head, my child, and from your father's drooping one. My little girl, I must own that after that fraud (when I had skillfully and purposely betrayed to you whom you were harbouring, and then had put into your very hand the offer of one hundred pounds) I did indeed fear. But what need had I to fear from those whose charity is that which thinketh no evil?

"I saw the crisis coming for you, Steve, and I could even wait for that. Never could you guess how hard this was to do, while I lived among you all, unknown, taking of the little that you had, and myself making you poorer day by day. No, you could never understand anthing of this. You could never know, the misery it was to me to see you leaving home day after day (you, whose resting-time should have come, Steve,) to seek work, for which the spirit was so willing, but the flesh so weak, and coming home each evening, jaded and disappointed, yet always trusting for the morrow, always patient over the wasted day. Still I held back, for I—I had others to test too. I saw your children here at home denying themselves, and working untiringly all day, that there might be no privation and no dullness when you came working without even one murmuring or covetous word. And then, Steve, I saw the brave young fellow who loves your daughter preparing day by day to leave her, and trying to bear this bravely too. And even he was never suspicious of me, though of all the household he was the only one I feared—he, with his straight-forward, truthful gaze. It was he I was testing most, Jean; but—never mind that. He shall know how—presently. Then Steve, you can never guess the pain it was to me to hear the complaints and reproaches of my sister—my sister as much as yours, though I never gave her a home and the care you gave her—and to hear you so patient with her, all of you—so more than patient, making her always the first person in your house.

"Well, Steve, I waited for the crisis, as I said, and now it has come. The man your landlord sent is paid, and has left the house for good. Your other debts shall be all settled to-morrow, and we and—and our children will go down to the old home to recruit. I have it ready, and there we will rest together, and there the two lads who bear our name, Steve (for twenty years I had not felt such a throb of joy as when I heard you call your boy Dolf!) shall grow up there, and work out the old projects we made together so many years ago. And no stranger, please Heaven, shall ever sow ill will between them. They will have to go to school, I suppose, presently, but Lottie shall be taught at home. We cannot spare both our girls, For I have not lived in the same house with them for a month, Steve, without feeling what that old home will be with them about it.

"And, Jean, though Philip will want to take you away, dear, he will not need to take you far. I bought that Worcester appointment for him as soon as he told me of his disappointment. I paid the sum the advertiser required, and he put a man in temporarily for four weeks. It is ready for Philip, and he will be near us, Jean. And so, when he takes you, dear, he will not take you far, and we shall see you both for ever. How could we spare you otherwise?

"Steve, look up, dear old fellow, and show me you are glad that there is such a life in store for us all, a life that can never again be darkened by debt, or cramped by poverty, or—saddened by disagreement. And, Steve, I am waiting for you to say you forgive me for this fraud."

"It is like a dream, Dolf. I—I am afraid of waking."

"Yet to me," my uncle says, his gay tones almost as unsteady as father's, "sleep seems ten thousand miles away, and—— Ah!"

The surprised exclamation may well break off his speech, for there beside him stands aunt Charlotte, in her dressing-gown, upright and angry.

"What are you doing here?" she asks, looking rigidly at my uncle. "Are you another man put in possession? Go away for to-night. I have a valuable garnet brooch, and I will give it you, if you will leave him in peace for to-night. He is not well, and he is very tired, and always good to others. The garnets cost a great deal of money once. Will you go? Why should his home be made so miserable to him to-day? Why should—why—— Where have I—seen you—before?"

The fixed stern gaze upon his face has grown to one of troubled eagerness; her breath is coming in quick, short gasps.

"Charlotte, do you forget me? I never deserved to be remembered, I know, yet Steve knew me in a moment."

She gives a cry which I know to be of joy but then—poor aunt Charlotte, she has borne so much to-day, and is but weak at best—she would have fallen, I think, but that I catch her in my arms.

CHAPTER XIV.—AND LAST.

"Dolf," aunt Charlotte has wakened to consciousness; and looks up pitifully at my uncle, while father stands chafing her hands—"I have been very hard with Steve, and with his motherless children. And it's too late now."

"Too late, my dear? No," he answers earnestly, "both you and I have time before us, please Heaven, to undo the wrong we have done."

Lottie has come down now, and is in the wildest state of joy, kissing first father, and then uncle Dolf, and then putting her radiant laughing face close to mine, and making me burst into laughter, too. Then Philip comes in, and uncle Dolf tells his own story to him; while Philip's joy seems to dazzle me, and makes me very shy and quiet, thinking for how long this happiness and content has been a stranger to him, and yet how carefully he hid from me his heavy despondency. An hour ago he came in to us disappointed and hopeless, and now!

"Shall I give you back your Liverpool ticket?" my uncle asks him, with a final grip of his hand, and a warm amused look up into Philip's face. "I have it here. I'm very glad not to be any longer in terror of meeting your frank, shrewd gaze. Jeanie, can you guess what I suffered on that Saturday afternoon at the museum, while I nipped and snapped, and tried to tempt you from your fealty to each other? What an impossible effort it was!"

"But how——"

"Oh, don't ask me any questions!" he pleads, though he looks delighted at our great amazement. "I have other lodgings, you know, Jeanie, and I went there (a hansom travels faster than two young lovers walk), and changed my dress, and was in the museum before you—very tired of it, too, that day, I remember. And after you had left I had time to drive back and be at the spot where you met me—your solitary, shy young lodger. You thought me a sour book-worm that day, didn't you? Ah, you forgive the old man now. He has been a sneak for a long time, and—and only a Jesuit perhaps would tell him the end will justify the means. Jeanie, you have most to forgive, after your father."

"Oh, uncle," I cry, with both my hands in his, "what a happy night this is!"

"Jeanie," Philip whispers, coming up to me, as I kneel at the neglected fire, with the bellows which he has just fetched from the kitchen, "there lives no happier fellow in the world than I. At the very darkest moment the joy came. Oh, my love, what a lesson to me never to utterly despair! What happiness there is in your dear face to-night!"

"Philip, blow scientifically if you possibly can—and from the bottom—then there will be a glorious fire in five minutes' time."

I don't think men are, as a rule, very clever at blowing fires, but Philip does his best; and presently the waves of light glide up and down the walls, to the slow regular music of his bellows; and when the fire is what he modestly calls "perfection," he jumps up and helps Lottie and me to lay a sort of impromptu supper. Then he goes up with uncle Dolf to his old room, and comes down carrying unexpected relishes, which uncle Dolf has, it seems, prepared for to-night. Then I go up to fetch the little boys, who are still awake, and Philip follows, to fetch me, as he says, and—and—ah, what can I say more of that happy night?

* * * * *

One moment more!

I listen to the dear bright voices talking of that happy home which is to be father's, and one near it which is to be—mine. I see aunt Charlotte's unusual smile, and that gladness of Lottie's which is so really childlike, yet so unfamiliar to her. I see the little boys laughing and clapping their hands, with eyes as wide and bright as if it were morning instead of night. I see uncle Dolf restless in his great delight, going with bright loving words, from one to another of us, but always returning to father's side. I see father—no, I never see him quite properly that night, because my eyes are so ridiculously dim; but I feel his gentle kisses when the night is over, and I hear him telling Philip——

No matter! Philip surely knows that only by my great love for him can I ever feel worthy to be his wife.

THE END.

As a freight train was passing over a bridge at New London, Can., the other day, the engineer discovered a small boy struggling for life in the waters of the cove. He immediately stopped the train, and unfastening the bell cord threw one end of it to the imperiled boy, who grasped it, tied it round his body, and was hoisted to a place of safety.

He that keeps himself to the measure of a just judgment, he that holds himself at that place which his capacities fit him for, he that forms a moderate estimate of his importance, he that takes a place lower than that for which he is qualified, will be continually invited to go higher.

He who confers a favor should at once forget it unless he is to show a sordid, ungenerous spirit. To remind a man of a kindness conferred on him, and to talk about it is little different from reproach.

Each year one vicious habit rooted out in time might make the worst man good.

WHAT THE CASTERS SAID.

The bottles in the cruet stand were talking. First of all, the black pepper bottle spoke. It said:

"See what I contain—a most important member of the family, and a distinguished foreigner, too.

"Far away in Malabar, in a rich, wooded valley, made cool and moist by lofty trees, this pepper grew, in the form of green berries. At first green, they soon changed to red, and would have ripened to yellow, but while still red, they were plucked by the natives. These berries were dried on mats in the sun or before the fire, and when dried the color was of a brownish black. They were then ready to be ground into black pepper. If the berries had remained on the vine until fully ripe, and the outer coating of the fruit had then been removed by washing in water, the pepper would have been white instead of black. Although white pepper is less pungent than black, many prefer it, as it is not so readily seen in the food; and in England the ordinary kind is often bleached with chlorine to render it white.

"However," added the bottle, proudly, "I am happy to say my pepper is black, and it's from Malabar, the very best pepper in the world—none of your cheap stuff from Sumatra."

"Talk about good pepper!" interrupted the Cayenne bottle, a fiery, quarrelsome fellow; "I believe in the red kind—that is to say, what I own. Mine, as well as yours, grows in tropical countries, but the berries are far more beautiful—egg-shaped or conical pods, of a bright scarlet or orange. And only think how useful Cayenne pepper is, not alone on the table, but in medicine also, as a stimulant and an aid to digestion. But, dear me! your pepper and mine don't belong to the same family, and of course mine is superior to yours."

"If you please," returned the black pepper bottle, loftily, "mine is also a stimulant to digestion, though I confess it must be used in small quantities, for fear of producing inflammation. But are you quite sure, my friend, that no red lead and vermilion are in your pepper? You know that cases of poisoning are reported from this cause."

"I suppose," retorted the Cayenne bottle, "that black pepper is never adulterated with anything less vile than old ship bread, or the sweepings of warehouses. Is it, my very dear friend?"

"Hush! hush!" said the sweet oil bottle, who was the peacemaker of the family. "Let us talk of something pleasant."

"Of yourself, if you like," returned the Cayenne bottle rather snappishly.

"Since you wish it, I will," said the sweet oil bottle pleasantly; "though I have little to say. The olives from which my oil is made grow in many places—on the shores of the Mediterranean, in South America, Mexico, California and the Southern Atlantic States. The leaves of the tree are rather odd—pale green above and whitish beneath; and from the dull color of the leaves an olive grove presents a sombre aspect. The fruit when ripe is a dark purple color, and from it the oil is extracted. The fruit is crushed to a pulp in the mill and strained through coarse sacks, through which it flows into cisterns of water and is skimmed off the surface. In many countries this oil is used in place of butter. It has several important uses—as a lubricant, as an ingredient in ointments, and as a sort of antidote in cases of poisoning by corrosive substances. It is also used in the manufacture of Castile soap, in connection with soda and oxide of iron."

"Very good; very good indeed," said the portly mustard bottle with an approving clatter of his lid. "Now let me tell you something of myself. I don't pretend to foreign airs; the mustard I contain is a good home-bred article, growing all through Europe and found in its native state in America. In England the plant, cut before the seeds mature, furnishes excellent food to cattle, sheep and swine. The flour of mustard, such as my bottle contains, is made from both the black and white mustard plant; the seeds are crushed between rollers, then pounded in mortars, and the finer portions sifted from the husks. And by the way, the first to prepare this was a woman, who kept her process a secret. She lived in Durham, England, and the name "Durham mustard" is used as a trade mark by manufacturers at the present day. One of the oddest modes of improving the flavor is that sometimes used by the French, who, after adding to it celery, salt, garlic, cloves, anchovies and the like, stir the mixture with a hot poker. Mustard is quite useful, both in plasters and as an emetic in cases of poisoning. It should, however, always be mixed with cold or tepid water, as hot water coagulates and so nullifies the active principle on which its virtue depends. But I suspect that I am talking rather too much of myself, and here is the vinegar bottle, who has not uttered a word. Pray tell us something of your contents, my friend."

"Yes, do," chorussed the other bottles; "you promised long ago to tell the secret about yourself."

"Well," began the vinegar bottle, "there is something rather curious about my contents. First of all, vinegar differs from either pepper, sweet oil or mustard, in containing living organisms. The microscope reveals myriads of tiny eels, wriggling about in the fluid; and they are sometimes visible to the naked eye. In fact, the presence of these eels is a good test of the purity of vinegar, as they are never found in the kinds made from sulphuric acid and the like. But apart from this, my contents are interesting as being a great puzzle to wise men. They all know that vinegar is made from sour wine, cider, molasses and the like, and they are able to manufacture it very cleverly indeed. But the reason of the souring bothers them immensely. They used to believe it was due to a slow oxidation; but nowadays the opinion is gaining ground that it is caused by a parasitic plant growing in vinegar. The tiny germs of this plant are supposed to be floating in the atmosphere, and when they fall on any sugary liquid, they begin to grow, and they are thought to be so eager for oxygen that they seize it from the sugar, disorganizing the liquid so that it turns to vinegar. But this philosophical theory is doubted by the French scientist Fremy and others, and has not been definitely settled. The truth of the matter is, my friends——"

Here somebody at the table reached for the vinegar bottle, but was so unlucky as to let it fall and break. And so the story about the vinegar came to an untimely end; and the rest of the bottles haven't uttered a word since.

I suspect, however, that they might be coaxed to tell their history all over again to a patient listener; and one day, maybe, somebody may listen long enough to learn the secret of the vinegar bottle.

CELANIRE.

Every adjuration of love, every oath of fondness, always contain this mental reservation—"As long as you are what you now are."

FACETIÆ

—Custom made—A store girl.

—Little shavers—Barbers' apprentices.

—A wedding suit—A breach of promise case.

—Whenever a Chicago lover says to his girl: "Lend me your ear," she wishes to know if a slice won't satisfy him.

—Promptness in doing a thing is generally very creditable, but promptness in sitting down is seldom proof of a good skater.

—It is a quality of most wives that they like to talk about their own work. Thousands daily and nightly call their husbands "baldheaded old villains."

—The ladies' fashion of wearing the hair called "bangs" is doubtless named so from its looking as if a small torpedo had been placed among it and then exploded.

—You may sometimes notice a cloud on a child's face as he lies across his father's knee, and perhaps it is something "no larger than a man's hand" in the air that causes it.

—Seven has always been a mystical number, and the man who has ever been cleaned out at it, thinks a good deal of mystery attaches to its modern representative—"seven-up."

—Aldermen in Europe were originally next to kings in dignity. It has often been noticed that in this country aldermen as a rule seem to feel that this distinction still clings to them.

—An insuperable objection to any kind of wood-pavements as a substitute for the present cobble and brick system, is the difficulty of using them as an effective missile in the case of an objectionable Italian organ grinder.

—One attribute of the noble lion is that he will not eat anything not slain by himself. Such a fact will enable amateur naturalists to differentiate him from the goat. The latter is not at all particular what he feeds upon.

—As the swimming season for youth is about opening, coroners are commencing to receive propositions from the leading banking institutions of the country to take charge of their revenues at the very highest rate of interest.

—It is a fact that murder in some parts of the world has kept pace with civilization. Taking the ready-made shirt as an index of man's improvement and its usual influence on the human disposition, this increase of assassination is easily accounted for.

—Many a person who in after life becomes quite familiar with the term "calls" on 'Change, remembers how when a guileless Sunday school boy he always used to associate the word with some higher and nobler game of bluff, which the fates had so far kept him in ignorance of.

—The oldest traditions must give way before modern innovations. In India formerly the widow used to immolate herself on the body of her dead husband, but now-a-days she is found a few months after the funeral running around and pricing wedding outfits just like her European sisters.

—If the prohibitory liquor law were enacted in Pennsylvania, it would be immediately followed by a tremendous increase in the tramp nuisance. There is not a railroad or highway leading to other States that would not be instantly filled by legislators and others rushing thither to get a drink.

—Any chemist could write a most interesting treatise on the strong affinity of coal oil for kitchen fires, but there are thousands of women who take a shorter method of acquiring the information by practical experiment, with decidedly satisfactory results to the science of undertaking.

—Napoleon showed the strategic talent which afterwards made him famous, very early in life. It first became noticeable in his always successful attempts to circumvent his mother in her efforts to induce him to take pills and other physic under the disguise of cherry-pie or bread and molasses.

—The same law of matter frequently influences apparently dissimilar objects. It is known that an extra high tide generally occurs at the full of the moon, and that the sag in front gates of the houses where marriageable girls reside, is also always more marked and noticeable at such times than others.

—Some folks question everything; but the man who, in rushing out in the yard on wash day, has been brought up suddenly by the clothesline catching him under the chin, has no doubt that the stories of hanged and broken-necked persons being brought to life again are entirely and perfectly true.

—History does not say whether profanity originated before kicking mules or not, and it is doubtful whether this interesting question will ever be settled. So far as modern observation extends the two are generally noticed to go together with very similar evidences of early, and promises of long to be continued existence.

—A recent popular poem is entitled "Love's Last Suit." Considering that for ages this young gentleman has occupied a conspicuous place in painting and sculpture untrammelled by any of the conventionalities of dress, it will no doubt be an agreeable surprise to many that he has determined on wearing any clothes at all.

—Musicians generally are endowed with a very delicate and sensitive ear, but in those cases where another individual gets one between his teeth in a rough and tumble fight, they are productive of no more different results than if they belonged to a man who couldn't tell a pianissimo passage from a locomotive whistle.

—Woman may intrude upon many fields hitherto occupied by man alone, and even successfully compete with him in the race for wealth and fame. But there are heights which the masculine individuality will ever hold unconquered. One of them is the noble game of base-ball, as it is utterly impossible for a female ever to learn to throw anything accurately except a plate.

—The American nation is so essentially a commercial community, that the youthful mind involuntarily runs in the methodical channels of formal business. Sometimes it is done unconsciously. What youth thinks as he asks the bar-keeper for "tick," that he is illustrating the great principle of "the credit system," which might be called one of the bulwarks, or rather foundation stones, of our material prosperity!

When Mind and Body are out of sorts, owing to a Disordered Liver, try at once Dr. Jayne's Sanative Pills, a sure remedy for all Bilious Affections, Costiveness, &c.

REBA BY THE WATERS.

PARAPHRASED FROM THE ITALIAN BY BOB ROY.

Ah! se l'amarti rennega per delinquente
Chi mai non ti mirò solo a innocente.
—*Metastasio.*

As out of the sweet South flecing
Soft gales in amorous strife
Kiss into flush of new being
Old earth's wintry pallidness, freeing
The pulses of fluctuant life;

As, far from the turmoil and traffic
Of mart, on mountain-girt mere,
Fall with a cadence seraphic
Soft words of a passionate Sapphic,
Clear strains of a jubilant air;

As, out of the storm's dark fury,
At last o'er the tumult of night
One star sheds its calm, strong glory
Of promise—like that of old story
When kings found the Christ in its light;

So to me the sweet breath of my sighs
And thy manifold music of voice,
Thy splendor and flame of dark eyes,
Evermore are as these—thou the prize
Of all longing and term of all choice.

Thy lips with the love-ardors rife,
Thy kisses my sacrament rare!
Ah! I yearn from the world's madding strife
To wrap me, and dream out the life
In the flowing vails of thy hair.

O South wind and far-shining sphere!
Sweet instance to Reba impart
Of this love that I bear, with its fear
Lest she change, and make bitter and drear
The young summer day of my heart.

Could I live, and another's hand place
The bride-wreath to garland thy brow?
Could I live while another's caress
Held the heart that was mine, and the press
Of thy vestal lips answered his vow?

Ah! sharpness of death! would I yield
Life's life in the change of thy choice;
Though for thee the loved past could be sealed,
Yet for me would rise ever revealed
Its voice—an invariable voice.

FROM GLOOM TO SUNLIGHT.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "DORA THORNE," "WIFE IN NAME ONLY," "A BRIDE FROM THE SEA," ETC.

CHAPTER XXXVII.—[CONTINUED.]

The Earl did not notice either her face or her dress; he admired her skill, her genius, but he was certainly not in love with his young wife.

It was with some little curiosity that the young Countess went to meet her guest. Lady Hamilton had been shown into a pretty little boudoir, where she awaited her hostess; and these two women who were so strangely to cross each other's lives looked almost eagerly at each other.

Lady Caraven saw before her a tall, graceful, lovely blonde, whose sunny eyes and golden hair were bright and beautiful, whose red lips smiling showed teeth like pearls. After returning in the most musical of voices the greetings of her hostess, she requested tht she might be shown to her room.

She was in some measure just what Lady Caraven had expected to see. She appeared in the drawing-room two minutes before the announcement of dinner was made, and then Hildred examined her more critically. Her entrance made a sensation among the gentlemen. Hildred stood watching the scene, watching the pretty manœuvres of the royally beautiful coquette, and how soon they took effect.

Examined critically there was no defect in the beauty of Lady Hamilton; she was a queen of blondes. Her hair had a golden sheen; it was soft, fine, and hung in wavy ing abundance. It was such hair as rumor gives to Berengaria, of whose golden tresses a chain was made for a sanctuary lamp. Her complexion was as fair as the leaf of a lily, with the daintiest of bloom. It was as though one had taken a rose-leaf and laid it upon her cheeks. It was all nature, not art; art could not have produced the lovely clear pink that deepened into rose. Her eyes were large blue laughing eyes with sunshine in their depths, with long black lashes that gave them a most peculiar effect, beautiful and fascinating. The loveliest feature in her face was her mouth of a goddess, sweet and proud, sensitive, haughty, perfect in color and shape. Her dress was as beautiful as herself—satin of such pale blue that it was almost white, trimmed with a profusion of white lace. She had a few sprigs of heliotrope in her dress, of which flower she was fonder than any other. She was a beautiful, smiling, graceful woman, perfectly well bred, perfectly elegant, perfectly lovely. When she smiled it was as though the very spirit of love had found a home in her pretty dimples.

Hildred sighed as she turned away. This was the kind of beauty that her husband loved—blonde, tall, and graceful.

She was fascinated after a fashion. She herself was no coquette. If people found her charming and admired her, that was their own affair. She cared to be charming only to her husband. She could not help watching Lady Hamilton, and wondering what was the spell that she cast over every one. Every one seemed desirous of talking to her; there was quite a rivalry between them as to who should win the brightest smiles; and she had a way—Hildred could not quite understand it—of making each person think that he in particular was the object of her especial attention. How did she manage it? She had a look for one, a smile for another, a sigh for a third; one held her fan, another her flowers, and each flattered himself with the thought that he alone was the happy recipient of her especial favor.

Hildred turned to look at the face of Sir Raoul. How did he whose ideas of woman were so lofty like such conduct? She saw an amused smile on his lips. She looked at her husband; he had not joined Lady Hamilton's circle of admirers, and she felt all the happier for seeing that.

Later on in the evening Sir Raoul came to her.

"Hildred," he said, in a low voice, "how do you like our new acquisition?"

"She is just what I thought she would be," replied the young Countess. "Raoul, here is the kind of beauty that the Earl loves."

He looked at the noble face.

"How do you know that?" he asked.

"I have heard him say so very often. Do you think he will admire her?"

"Yes," said Sir Raoul frankly. "Every one must admire her. She is like a picture by Greuze. But if you ask me is she worth any expenditure of jealousy, I answer just as frankly, No."

"I am not jealous," returned Hildred, quickly. "Why should you imagine such a thing?"

"I do not say that I imagine it, Hildred; I merely warn you against it," answered Sir Raoul.

"Of all people," cried Hildred, "those who are logical are the most difficult to talk with."

"Let us be thankful, then," said Sir Raoul, "that they are rare."

She looked up at him with a quiet smile.

"Raoul," she said, "there is one thing that I have remarked about Lady Hamilton."

"What is it?" he asked.

"She has been here nearly six hours; but I have not seen her talk to any of the ladies. When we went into the drawing-room, she sought the most comfortable chair, and she leaned back in it with a smile at me. Traveling always fatigues me," she said, as she closed those lovely blue eyes of hers, and do you know she never opened them again until the gentlemen came in!"

"She did not want to waste her words and smiles on ladies," said Sir Raoul.

"I know I am very ignorant; but do you call that good breeding, Sir Raoul?"

"My dear Hildred, a woman may be very elegant, coquettish, and fascinating without being quite what you call well-bred."

"If I had my choice," said Hildred, "I would rather be well-bred than beautiful."

The soldier looked at the noble unconscious face.

"What would you say if I told you that you were both?" he asked.

She laughed a rich, musical, joyous laugh that caused Lady Hamilton to raise her blue eyes to see what was going on. She smiled sweetly, as though sympathizing with the happy laughter. Then she thought to herself that Sir Raoul was a very distinguished-looking man. Could it be possible that he was flirting with Lady Caraven?

There must be no encroaching on her privileges. No one must monopolize distinguished-looking men like Sir Raoul when she was present. She must give the dark-eyed young Countess a lesson, and the best way in which to achieve her end would be to monopolize the attention of the handsome Earl.

* * * * *

"Jealousy is as bitter as death!" the words haunted Lady Caraven. Was she jealous? She could hardly tell. Her life seemed to pass in a fever of waiting—to be filled with a brooding sense of something wrong, of something hanging over her, of foreboding she knew not why. She only knew that the presence of the beautiful blonde Lady Hamilton was a source of vague torment to her.

She was always apprehensive—she could hardly tell of what. She was of too noble a disposition wilfully to encourage suspicions of any one, but she was ever thinking and surmising as to whether her husband admired Lady Hamilton or not. There were times when she roused herself and said to herself that it was unworthy of her—that all jealousy and suspicion was miserable—that she would rise above it and trample it under foot. Then she would find herself watching her husband's face to see how it lightened and brightened as he talked to Lady Hamilton.

She read a very sensible story one day—a story of married life—written to show how foolish wrong, and wicked it was of wives ever to begin to be jealous—showing how, if a woman once gave her mind to it, she could turn almost every incident in her husband's life to her own torment—how she would be miserable over every word he spoke, every look, every glance; and Lady Caraven took the lesson to heart. She said to herself that suspicion and jealousy were miserable failings—that it was far nobler to give entire and perfect trust, to rise above ignoble suspicions, to despise wretched, paltry jealousies. She said to herself that she would take warning by the story she had read.

But her case was different from that of other wives. There was perhaps in all the wide world no parallel to it. Lord Caraven and she had married without the least pretence of love, he detesting the marriage, yet forced into it, she honestly believing that it was quite possible to live without love; then after marriage she had been as he was now—profoundly, coldly indifferent. She at first had been inclined to love him—his handsome face and the prestige of his name had won her girlish fancy; then slowly, as her woman's soul and better nature awoke, she discovered his faults—faults that filled her with something like despair. Then came the turning-point of her life—the time when she felt sorely inclined to leave Ravensmere—the time when the noble advice of a noble man had saved her, had roused her to action, had influenced her so as to completely change her life, had elevated her, had given her an almost sublime idea of her duties and responsibilities. She had risen to the call; she had devoted herself to the welfare of her husband; she had used all her truest womanly tact, all her rare grace, all her intellect and talent, to rouse him from his evil habits, from his self-indulgence, from his neglect of every duty. She had succeeded even beyond her hopes, he was above the average now, whereas before he had been below it. The consequence was that she loved him. After passing through every phase of feeling, after being filled with admiration that grew into dislike, indifference, contempt, she had found herself at last in love with him.

It was the consciousness of that which made her more sensitively jealous. He was her husband. She loved him. She asked herself, "Will he ever love me?" And the answer that her own heart gave her was a very despairing one. She was not the style of woman that he admired. He liked blonde beauty; and here, under their very roof, was a queen of blondes—a queen of coquettes. She would look sometimes at Lady Hamilton and think, "How he must have wished that our marriage had been delayed! If Lady Hamilton had returned a little earlier, her money would have done just as well as mine, and he would have loved her."

It was a very natural thought, but one that made her exceedingly unhappy. To Lord Caraven himself the idea never occurred. He had his faults—but they were not on the score of immorality or impropriety. He did not love the wife fate had given to him, but he respected her; and in some fashion of his own he respected the vague kind of tie that there was between them. At all events he then had no idea of outraging her feelings or insulting her by falling in love with any one else.

While the Earl enjoyed the presence of his beautiful guest—enjoyed her coquetries, laughed and was amused at her flirtations, all in sheer idleness and good humor—his dark-eyed, beautiful wife was building up a theory of her own, and that it was that her husband loved Lady Hamilton.

CHAPTER XXXVIII.

The grand ball in honor of Lady Hamilton was to be given at Ravensmere on the last day of September. The summer weather still lingered; flowers that should have died were still living, birds that should long since have sought a sunnier clime were still singing. On the evening of the ball a bright moon was shining in a clear sky, and the wind was as sweet as summer. There had been royal entertainments at Ravensmere, but none had ever been on a grander or more magnificent scale than this ball. All that flowers, lights, and superb decorations could effect was effected. There was tier after tier of brilliant bloom; the light of a thousand tapers made a brightness greater than that of day; tiny scented fountains rippled amongst the flowers. It was a superb spectacle; and of the magnificent *fete* there were two queens.

At the opening of the ball they stood for a few moments side by side; and then opinion varied as to which was the most beautiful. The Countess Caraven was a woman of stately loveliness, Lady Hamilton of fairy-like beauty.

The Countess, who had some vague idea that this night would be the turning-point in her destiny, had devoted much time and thought to her toilet. Her dress was of some shining material that resembled cloth of gold; the rounded arms were bare to the shoulders, the white neck and throat rising like a stately flower from its calyx. The golden hue of the dress enhanced the beauty of the dark eyes and hair; there was a slight flush on the splendid face, a deeper light in the dark eyes. She wore a suite of superb rubies; they lay in the coils of dark hair, and sparkled like points of flame on the white breast; as she moved the light scintillated and gleamed, it shone and played in the rich dress and jewels.

By her side stood her rival and perfect contrast, fair, blonde Lady Hamilton, in her golden hair—white, with green leaves and flowers—and with flowers in her golden hair, graceful, lovely woman. As they stood for a few minutes side by side all eyes were upon them.

The ball was a marvellous success. Lord Damers, who had come to Ravensmere purposely for it, said that he had never seen anything like it. He went up to the Earl, who, looking handsome in his evening-dress, was watching the dancers.

"Do you know, Caraven," he asked, "who is the handsomest woman here?"

The Earl looked round with a smile.

"Amidst so many how can I decide?"

"The decision does not require a minute's hesitation," said Lord Damers. "Look round and you will see that there is no one to compare with your own wife. She is by far the most beautiful woman I have ever seen in my life."

The Earl looked up wonderingly.

"Is she? Do you know that I have never thought much of her appearance."

"Then you have been blind. Look at her now."

Lord Caraven looked up. He saw a tall beautiful figure and a magnificent face with dark, proud, brilliant eyes and a lovely mouth, round which played a half-grave, sweet, timorous smile. He seemed to be impressed.

"You are right," he said; "she is very beautiful."

"I should imagine so," returned Lord Damers emphatically. "Why, by her side even the brilliant Lady Hamilton looks faded. Every one is talking about your wife; you do not know how many envy you."

Lord Caraven laughed aloud. Perhaps if the world knew all, he told himself, there would be little cause for envy.

"She is beautiful," he repeated to himself. He had suddenly awoke to the knowledge of the fact. He said to himself that he must have been blind. Had this woman been any other than his wife, he would have thought her perfection. As he looked at her he wondered that he had ever boasted of his preference for blondes. What could compare with the splendor of those dark eyes, the exquisite coloring of that noble Southern face? He must have been blind. He crossed the room to where the young Countess stood talking to Lady Hamilton.

"Hildred," he said simply, "will you save one dance for me?"

She looked at the pretty tablets, and then smiled at him.

"I am not engaged for the next waltz," she said.

"Then give it to me," requested the Earl; and the dark eyes were raised to his.

"If I had been engaged, I should have felt inclined to break my engagement," she said.

Lady Hamilton was not quite pleased. Two suns could not shine in one hemisphere; and, if Lady Caraven had any idea of outshining her, the sooner that idea was abandoned the better.

"It is rather odd," she said, with one of her brightest smiles, "to see husband and wife waltz together—one would imagine you were still lovers."

Hildred was on the point of retorting that they had never yet been that, but prudence restrained her.

"You will not forget your promise?" said the Earl.

"For the waltz—no," she replied.

"Let me see you write my name," said the Earl. And Lady Caraven took up the pretty tablets again.

They held many names. Against the waltz she wrote, "My husband."

He was watching her intently, and when she had finished writing he took the tablets from her hand. How strange the words looked! There were noble names above them, noble names below them. "My husband."

He wondered why she had not written "Lord Caraven" or his initials. As he returned the tablets to her, their eyes met in a long lingering glance. Suddenly she turned from him with her face on fire; and Lord Caraven, with a strange sensation at his heart, began talking to Lady Hamilton.

"This is my waltz," said Lord Caraven shortly afterwards, as he came up to his wife. She did not raise her eyes to his; she was afraid to do so. What if they should tell him her secret? What if he should read love for himself shining in their depths?

The Earl half smiled, half sighed at the piquant strangeness of the situation. This noble woman, to the knowledge of whose beauty he had suddenly awoke, was his own wife. They had spent much time together, both sung and worked together, yet he never remembered to have embraced her; now his arm was round the supple graceful figure—the lovely face was close to his own. He saw before him the whole time, standing out clear and distinct from the others, the two words "My husband."

Lord Damers had told him that he was a subject of envy. The past had all been a sorry mistake. How beautifully this neglected, unloved wife of his danced! It was the very poetry of motion. But—how strange it was!—she never looked at him; she did not talk or laugh; she seemed rather to avoid him, as it were.

"She does not like me," thought the Earl; "and she has no little reason." He was frank enough to own that.

The dance ended, he led his wife to a seat, and then left her with a bow.

She was never quite the same again. As it needs but a small match to fire a train of gunpowder, so it needed but little to awaken her love into keen, quick, passionate life. That one dance with him had done it. She loved him with her whole heart, and the suddenness with which that conviction flashed over her, bewildered her. She sat quite still, the soft sweet music, the ripple of the little fountain, the subdued murmur, all mingling in her ears—flowers, lights, jewels, fair faces, all dazzling her eyes—and she said to herself, "I love my husband." The whole world seemed changed to her. Shyly, timidly she looked at him. He was talking to a group of ladies, his handsome face all animation, his tall well-built figure all grace. He was a man to be proud of—a man to love. But he must never know about this love of hers—this newly-found precious treasure. He despised her for her want of noble birth; she must keep her love as secret as the grave.

That increased the distance between them. She was so fearful that he should discover her secret, so fearful that he should think her unwomanly, so afraid he should imagine she wanted his love, that she took refuge in cold, shy, proud avoidance. There were no more rides or drives to see the buildings and the improvements; there was no more quiet letter-writing in the library. When Caraven wanted Hildred, she had some gentle, ready excuse, and with a houseful of visitors it was difficult to determine whether those excuses were genuine or not. But from the night of the ball everything was altered between them; Hildred was no longer the devoted unselfish wife, who studied him and his interests above everything else—she was the proud, passionate, tender woman, who would rather have died than let him know that she loved him in spite of his neglect.

In consequence of this the Earl was thrown more and more into the society of Lady Hamilton. His wife declined to ride with him; Lady Hamilton assured him that she could live in the open air. His wife had no time to discuss his letters; Lady Hamilton assured him that there was nothing she liked better than overlooking another person's correspondence. His wife never asked him to sing; Lady Hamilton did so, and sat listening and looking unutterable things. Lady Caraven's shyness was her opportunity. Not that she for a moment intended to make any mischief between husband and wife, or that she was in love with Lord Caraven; but she acted as she did simply because it was her practice to absorb the attention and engross the interest of every man who came within the sphere of her attractions. The deeper nature of the nobler woman did not recognize this. The young Countess hid her love as she had hidden her jealousy; but it was hard to bear.

One trait more than any other convinced her that she was jealous of Lady Hamilton. She had until now been quite indifferent; all the world might know the terms on which she and her husband lived; she had not cared in the least. But now she grew morbidly anxious that this golden-haired beauty should never know them. She could not tell why, but she would fain have made Lady Hamilton believe that she was happy, that her husband loved her, that they were united and agreed as other husbands and wives. She tormented herself by wondering what Lady Hamilton would say if she knew the true state of the case; how the sunny blue eyes would gleam with laughter, how the fair face would flash with scorn! Lady Caraven said to herself that she would suffer death rather than permit the story of her unhappy married life to be known to her rival. Whenever she saw her husband talking to Lady Hamilton she wondered if she herself were the topic of conversation. Instinctively the two ladies were rivals—they hardly knew why—instinctively one developed a dislike of the other.

There was no one to warn the beautiful young Countess that she was yielding to a terrible fault that would bring with it a terrible punishment. Sir Raoul was not well—the old wound pained him terribly, and there were days together when he could not leave his room; so that Hildred was left to the pain of her love and her sorrow.

Anything rather than that her husband should find out her secret. How he would laugh at her. The money-lender's daughter to love the Earl—the neglected wife to give her heart all unasked, all unsought for, to her husband! She felt that she could not survive the sneer. He should not know it. He might think her capricious, he should think her anything but infatuated with himself. He said to her one morning, laughingly:

"Hildred, the days of our pleasant meetings seem to be passed."

She made him some evasive answer and quitted the room. He looked thoughtfully after her. What had come over his wife? Had she grown tired of her devotion to him, or was it that her time was fully occupied with visitors? It was not a matter of much moment to him; he did not spend much time in thinking about her; but her manner slightly puzzled him.

No one else saw anything strange in her. Sir Raoul, who would have read her thoughts like an open book, was not present. To the others, Lady Caraven was simply a calm, well-bred, graceful hostess. No one guessed what a storm of anger and love, of jealousy and pain, warred under the calm proud exterior. The love would have been easy to bear if the jealousy had not been there to poison it.

There was no real cause for it. Lady Hamilton intended some day or other to make a grand *coup*—to marry one of the wealthiest and noblest of her admirers. She was not one of those who would consider the world well lost for love. As for falling in love with a married man, she would never have dreamed of such a thing—not merely because it was wrong, but from the simple fact that it was a waste of time. But the young Countess did not think of these things. The fever increased in her veins—the fire in her heart. Her whole life became a dream of watching and pain.

He did not love her—he never would, she repeated over and over again. Could it be that he would love her fair-haired rival—the blonde beauty? If he did, what then? She was powerless to help herself. She said to herself, "There is no hope now." In her dreams it had occured to her that she might win him in time. Now she felt that hope was ended. And the young Countess of Caraven—talented, clever, gifted with some of life's greatest gifts—cried out that her pain and her sorrow were more than she could bear.

Why had she learned to love him? All had been well until then—his neglect had not pained her, his want of love had not tortured her. She had not cared in the least who knew her story or who did not. Now all that had gone. With the sweet, subtle love that had entered her soul—she hardly knew how—had come a whole host of evils and sorrows.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

THE wise man does not speak of all he does, but he does nothing that cannot be spoken of.

ANCIENT CITIES IN CENTRAL ASIA.

[Translated from the French by Mrs. W. L. Wheeler.]

Sixteen years ago, two learned Frenchmen, M. Waddington and Count de Vogue, visited the remote portions of Syria for the purpose of discovering traces of its past history in its ruins. Well versed in the Oriental languages and in archeological lore, they were well fitted for the task, and after two years of patient research they returned to France with treasures of information concerning the earliest civil and religious architecture of Central Asia.

When France required the devotion of her children, MM. Waddington and De Vogue left their books to serve their country, but the high positions to which they were severally called by the nation did not make them indifferent to their former pursuits. In spite of the distractions of politics and official life, they found time to publish some interesting volumes. The ruins which they describe are not such as are to be met with in many ancient parts of Europe. We are shown whole cities, with their streets, houses, tombs and churches. Pompeii seems reproduced at the other extremity of the world. An extinct civilization is revived, an unknown epoch of Christian art brought to light.

One temple these savants discovered must have been built in the time of Herod Agrippa. It was raised in honor of Baalsamin, a Syrian divinity. MM. Waddington and De Vogue remarked in its architecture a trace of Grecian art adapted to another worship. It is the work of Oriental artisans, prodigal of ornament, exaggerated but original, and worthy of admiration. In some respects it resembles the Temple at Jerusalem, which was built at the same period. In front are pedestals, which were destined for statues of important personages; the name of one of them, the chief of the Idumean dynasty, Herod, the King of the country, is still to be read upon the pedestal. The Frenchmen hoped to be able to obtain an authentic likeness of the great Herod, with which to enrich the Museum of the Louvre, but only a few broken fragments of the statue could be found. It had evidently been violently dragged from its base, to which one foot still adhered. Doubtless a Christian, in the early triumphs of his church, had thus sought to avenge the Murder of the Innocents upon the effigy of the murderer.

Central Syria had never known peace before the Roman conquest. It had been torn by civil wars and by the attacks of its enemies. Rome imposed tranquility within and without; forced rival factions to respect each other, and established a firm and wise government. M. Waddington gives us the following translation of a letter from the Governor of Syria, found engraved upon the wall of one of the cities: "Julius Saturninus to the citizens of Phœna, greeting: If any soldier or wayfarer commit a violence, do not fail to inform me of it. From the moment that houses of public entertainment are established, you are not obliged to receive any one into your own houses. Let this letter be placed in a conspicuous position, in order that any one infringing the law may not plead ignorance of it."

The Romans would not permit any nation sheltered by their authority to be insulted by neighboring tribes. They wished to establish peace throughout their empire, and took efficient means to ensure it. They placed a line of defense all around the frontier, as far as the territory of the wandering Arabs. Some of these defenses were composed of a tower, which only contained a few soldiers, who, to amuse their idle hours, inscribed their names and that of their country upon the walls, where, after a lapse of centuries, they still remain legible. There were larger fortresses, capable of holding a cohort of soldiers, a wing of cavalry, and troops mounted on dromedaries. M. de Vogue found one of these forts at the eastern extremity of Hauran. The soil was thickly covered with black round stones, which had been thrown there by volcanic eruptions, and in some places were beds of lava. The crater which produced these eruptions rises in the midst of a desolate plain; the cone is hollow, like that of Vesuvius. At the foot of the mountain, a lake has been formed by the depression of the land; in winter it is filled by constant rains, and in summer it is dried up by the early excessive heat. The Roman camp was a vast square enclosure, surrounded by thick walls, flanked by round towers and protected by a ditch. Behind these solid walls, disciplined troops under the orders of determined officers, could hold their own against all the Arabs of the desert. A little lower down, on the borders of the lake, are the remains of baths intended for the soldiers, and also some fragments of houses, which, according to custom, had been grouped around the Roman garrison. At the top of the mountain an advanced post could overlook the plain and descry the approach of the enemy. "This point," says M. de Vogue, "forms the extreme limit of our journey in the Syrian desert. Ours were the first European footsteps which had disturbed the solitude for centuries."

If one is curious to know what became of the countries under the Roman rule, it is only necessary to examine the plates which accompany M. de Vogue's work. The transformation of the desert into cities is incredible. At Bostra were found the remains of one of the finest theatres ever built by the Romans. The benches are nearly all standing; the stage still decorated with the monumental doors which gave access to the actors; several of the columns of the upper gallery, where the women sat, are still perfect. It is the only ancient theatre in good preservation.

The private dwellings are still more interesting to study than public monuments, since by them we learn of the comfort, and indeed luxury, of even the lower classes of this people. According to the custom of that time, the dwellings of the dead preceded those of the living; to reach the houses, it was necessary to pass rows of tombs. Some of these are dug in the rock, with staircases of basalt, adorned with mouldings and festoons. Rich people had porticos with columns indicating from a distance their place of burial. These sepulcures were often above ground, with pyramids rising from the square base, and there were frequently ledges projecting from the front, which M. de Vogue thinks were intended to hold lamps for the illumination of the tombs formed, as it still forms, part of the Oriental ritual. Sometimes there were high towers, the lower stories of which served for tombs, and the upper for dovecotes, "so that," as a Greek epitaph expresses it, "life and death are under the same roof."

"Nowhere," says M. de Vogue, "except at Pompeii, can one trace, as here, the private life of the ancients; in Greece, Assyria, Egypt, dwellings have disappeared; it is only by literature, painting and sculpture that we can reconstruct the past; immediate contact is wanting. In central Syria, on the contrary, private life appears in all its details. As in the plains of Hauran, so at the foot of Vesuvius, a happy chance has preserved to us proofs of the former existence of the ancients. But there the resemblance ceases. The houses of Pompeii are elegant and attractive in their appearance; those of Syria of a severe aspect. Each suits the position. Those of Pompeii were built to embellish the bright, gay surroundings of the Bay of Naples; the others, on the borders of the desert, rise in the midst of grand but austere cities in plains where there is often no water, no grass, no trees. It is right that they should share the stern air of their surroundings. Wood was scarce, often not to be had, in Syria. It was necessary to replace it by stone; everything was built of stone in the desert, even the floors and the windows. In building a house, the cellars and cisterns were dug in the rock, and the material taken out was used to construct the walls with. This style of architecture, large blocks of stone placed one upon another, did not admit of any caprice or fancy design, but all was solid grandeur, rather stiff and monotonous in its general aspect. In certain regions in the North, the neighborhood of Greek cities gave a taste for more graceful architecture; the fronts of the houses were decorated with two rows of porticos, one above the other, supported by columns. The apartments communicated with each other by means of outside galleries, which gave them shade. Elsewhere the appearance of the buildings is much less pleasant; no more galleries, large walls without windows, no other opening on the street than a narrow door and some high balconies; this is the Orient of to-day, where domestic life is strictly confined to the interior of the houses, and is not manifested outside. The inevitable atrium of the Pompeiian houses was replaced by a large room which generally occupied the whole of the ground floor; it was destined for family reunions and for the reception of guests. The upper story, which was reached by a stone staircase, contained the bedrooms and private apartments. In those were alcoves, or deep spaces in the walls, which served as wardrobes. Many of these houses are in perfect preservation, and some of them are still inhabited. One sheik whom M. de Vogue visited lived precisely as his predecessors had done in the third century; the women and children, the harem, in the upper part of the house; the other rooms for daily use below, and the great hall for public receptions.

"We were received in this hall," writes M. de Vogue, "my companions and myself, with the neighboring sheiks. The evening repast was served on a large platter by the smoky light of a lamp which was fed with melted butter; and afterwards each of us extended himself for the night, on cushions ranged along the side of the room." The servants' apartments in these old houses were next to the master's, and the kitchen dug in the rock under the house. The stable was in a wing, with stone troughs for the horses to drink from, and holes in the pillars by which to fasten them. Next to the stable was the cellar and the press-house, for oil and wine. Above a certain wine-press at El Barra is this inscription, in Latin: "The gifts of Bacchus, which the vine yields when it is ripened by a warm sun, producing a liquor equal to nectar." The ancients held the grapes of El Barra in great repute, the Emperor Heliogabalus appreciating them so fully that he had them brought to Rome, at great expense, to feed his horses with.

The natural piety of the Syrians disposed them in advance to welcome Christianity. The vicinity of Syria to Jerusalem, the birthplace of Christianity, and to Antioch, where its followers first received that name, made it a natural consequence that the new religion should gain rapid progress in the desert. One may follow it step by step by means of the inscriptions M. Waddington has discovered. Some of them containing symbols, with pagan formulæ, would seem to indicate the necessity which then existed, to disguise faith in the new belief. Another recalls "the period of religious persecution;" it says: "Chaste wife of Inus, the martyr, brought gifts to the house of prayer."

One of the finest ruins which this enterprising Frenchman discovered, was the famous convent of St. Simon Stylites, that pious man who did not find the austerities of his convent in Syria, sufficient for him. He asked, and obtained permission of his superior to inflict upon himself a hitherto unimagined penance. Perhaps tradition had preserved to him the account of those priests of a Syrian divinity, who in this same country, remained whole weeks without sleeping, on a stone pillar, whom the faithful came to consult, persuaded that they could in this way draw nearer to their gods. Simon wished to pass his whole life in this manner. His disciples cut out of the rock and set up on a neighboring mountain a column thirty cubits high, at the top of which they built a little cell. There he lived for thirty-seven years, without ever coming down. Around the column, which was protected by a stone balustrade, crowds daily assembled to hear the prayers of the holy man, and to ask for his blessing. When he died, in the year 459, his body was carried, with great pomp, to Antioch, where he was buried in a church built by Constantine.

Pilgrims continued to flock to the column, and numerous houses were erected near the convent for their accommodation. About the same time a magnificent church was built on that spot. It was visited in the seventh century by Evagrius, the scholar, who has left a description of it. M. de Vogue speaks of this church as being constructed on an original plan, perfectly adapted to the object for which it was built. It is an immense Latin cross. The middle portion where all the naves cross and unite, forms an immense octagonal court, from the centre of which rose the column which had been religiously preserved, and which could be seen from any direction. The eastern arm of the church, which composes the high altar, was closed by three apsis, which show all the best ideas of ancient architecture, and "which are," says M. de Vogue, "prototypes of Rhenish and French apsis of the twelfth century." The central part, "which had been wrought with marvelous art," has, unfortunately, suffered most from the ravages of time. St. Simon's column is no longer standing; it was overthrown, and broken by an earthquake. It is easy to imagine the surprise of pilgrims who visit this spot on beholding the vast and beautiful edifice which is near to the poor convent where St. Simon lived. They admired the rich mosaics, the elegance of the pillars and grace of the proportions, and while they admired all this, they were shown from the highest window of the octagonal court, a miraculous star, the light of which never pales, and which seems to have been placed in the heavens to honor perpetually the memory of the solitary saint, who, according to Evagrius, "an incarnate angel, passed from earth to a celestial life."

The concourse of pious visitors lasted until the end of the seventh century. At this time it suddenly ceased. But the the nation had continued to flourish, the fine monuments found by these French savants prove the fact. Notwithstanding the misfortunes of the Empire, the inhabitants seemed happy under the rule of their conquerors; one of them had placed above his door this inscription, taken from a Psalm of David: "Lord, thou hast given joy to my soul, fruits of wheat, the vine and the olive, we have been blest with peace." From the beginning of the seventh century Central Syria disappears from history; civilization and life abandon it at the same moment. This change was due to the Mussulman invasion, when the Arabs became masters of the soil; from which time convents and churches were no longer built. A great many houses were repaired, and on one of these the proprietor hoping, no doubt, that the reign of the infidel would be of short duration, not daring to call himself a subject of the Greek Emperor, and not wishing to acknowledge the authority of the Caliph, has placed these words: "The Lord Jesus is King." Soon the inhabitants gave up building new houses, for there were not occupants enough for the old ones, and in a few years the whole country was deserted. Such was the result of the Mussulman conquest of Central Syria.

THERE are 332 admirals in the British navy, which contains only 207 vessels. The 151 regiments of the line in the army possess 103 generals, 169 lieutenant-generals, and 534 major-generals, or 838 generals in all; nearly 1300 colonels and 300 lieutenant-colonels; and in all 13,898 superior officers, of whom 11,167 are on full pay. There are five field-Marshals at £6000 a year each.

EFFIE'S A B C LESSON.

BY JULIA R. TORREY.

Wee Effie was cosily cuddled in mamma's lap, like a young bird in its nest, taking her first lesson in A B C, when her bright blue eyes wandered toward the window, and watching there the great white flakes that were filling the earth and air with beauty, she suddenly exclaimed:

"O, mamma! mamma! de andels are 'pilling dere pop-torn!"

Just then the door opened, and a brisk, young voice called out:

"I say, mamma! can't Effie be bundled up tight and warm, and have a nice sled ride with me for her driver? I'll take just as good care of her as if—I had growed into a man!"

After which speech, the straightening of his little form, and important air, made him look, glistening as he was with the stars of beautiful snow, just like a brave little man fresh from the fairy land of the Snow King.

With the pleadings of her boy Claudie tingling her ears, and the longing eyes of little Effie watching her face to catch the answer there, it came pleasantly thus:

"Perhaps if would be best to wait till all the 'pop-corn' is split, before Effie goes out, but you might go and get your sled into the spirit of going, Claudie, and then I think the storm will be over."

"Why! my sled is 'Speed Well,' and is always aching to go; so mayn't I let it ache till Effie can go with me? I don't want to enjoy the snow one bit more than she does."

"Very well, then, dear," replied his mamma, "you may play teacher if you like, and make the B plain to Effie, until it is time for you to go, while mamma will make you a nice little dish of tasty pudding for you to warm up with when you come in."

Out went mamma, casting a loving glance back, while Claudie settles himself in the big arm-chair, and helping Effie up beside him, begins his first experience in teaching.

"Let's begin at the beginning," said Claudie, and putting on a comically-wise expression he commenced explaining in this wise:

"Now! A stands for Active—which folks call me 'cause I jump around so much. B stands for Boy—the thing I am, you know, and when you thing of boy, you must think: 'That's Brother Claudie, and it begins with B.' Brother does, you know, then steps on to C for Claudie, and, look! There's a D tagging after, to show you it's Claudie *Dear*. Now, here's E for Effie, and we'll tuck an 's' on, and say Effie's; F for Frisky; G for Gay; H for Hugger," giving her, oh! such a tight hug.

"Suppose we go back now," continued the master of letters, "and see what words we've found. Say them after me. Active, Boy, Claudie, Dear! Effie, Frisky, Gay, Hugger."

He gives her another hug, exclaiming:

"Why! you've got me right in those letters. Let's see what come's next!"

Repeating meditatively the F, G and H, he bursts out with:

"I comes next. Well, I stands for I'm, that means—well! something you're going to say. Then comes a J for Jolly, and then K for Kid. Now, we've got something more." Taking her little finger to point at each letter, he helps her out with: "I'm a Jolly Kid! Now, Effie," he explains, "Kid means a young and tender goat a sort of baby, you know, for it doesn't grow horns any more than boys like me grow whiskers. Horns turn a kid into a goat, I s'pose, just as whiskers turn boys into men."

"Why, Miss Perplexity!" noticing how puzzled Effie looked. "I'm going too fast, am I?" Then in the next breath: "Hurrah for the last 'pop!' See!" pointing out of the window, "the snow's settled itself, so let's be off!"

Quick went on cloak and hood, overcoat and hat, then out into the fresh white morning went two little human stars of whiteness, and the mother, watching at the window, noted the tender gallantry of the brother towards his clinging little sister, and prayed:

"In the years to come, may Heaven still keep your hearts fresh and pure as the snow, and warm as the sunbeams, my bonnie ones."

Little I'll Try.

'Twas on a bright, sunshiny morning, when the glad voices of children could be heard ringing out merrily in the air, that little Carrie sat moodily looking from the window, with great longing eyes, wishing she might be playing with the rest, instead of being made to ply her needle and thread.

Instead of having her thimble in its place of business, she was slowly twirling it on the point of her needle, while saying to herself:

"I can't! I can't! I know I can't! and there's no use in trying."

The cause of this outburst was the towel lying in her lap, with one hem all turned and basted, but not a stitch taken in it.

Carrie very petulantly took up a spool of cotton, and breaking off a needleful exclaimed aloud: "I can't! I know I can't!" just as her aunt Carrie entered the room.

With a bright encouraging smile, she said:

"I wouldn't entertain such a dark imp as that, 'I can't' if I were you, Carrie; I know a great deal nicer little fellow, that I'll tell you about, if you will thread your needle, and commence hemming."

"But I can't do it, auntie; see what a great, long stretch it is!"

"You can take one stitch, can't you?" asked auntie.

"Why, yes! but then it would take ever so many stitches to get all the way along," with a despondent little sigh.

"Never mind the many, but just take your one, and I think after awhile the ones will manage to creep up high into the multiplication table, till they get all the way across.

"Let your needle go in and out, while I show you how I Can't and I'll Try look, when you see them both at once.

"I'll Try has a bright, happy face; I Can't's face is dull and discontented; I'll Try has smiling wide-open eyes, which seem to say: I never get sleepy; I never get tired! I Can't's eyes are so sulky and small, the brightness of daylight can scarcely find its way between the lids. I'll Try has such a determined little mouth, puckered up just as if it were full of 'readys,' and poor I Can't's gapes open, showing snarling teeth, out of which comes the whine: 'I-c-a-n-t!' I'll Try bustles about with such an important air, that one is led to think he makes the world go round and round; while I Can't shuffles his feet, stumbles and falls at almost every step, and stretches out his weak little hands, to pull down whoever he can catch. I'll Try is such a cheerful, fat, clean, and neat little worker all the time, and the more he does, the more he wants to do, and the happier he is in the doing; but I Can't is a wretched little rascal,—lean, dirty, ragged, and lazy. The less he does, the less he wants to do, and each day finds him more miserable and weak than the day before. I'll Try is a strong little chap, that fights hard all the obstacles that cross his way, till he conquers them, then he laughs, a funny little, which, if words were set to its music would be:

'I'll conquer or die! I'll conquer or die!
For am I not the brave little I'll Try?'

"Now, I Can't is too weak to clear obstacles from his path, so when they loom up before him, he trips against them, and falls down kicking and screaming:

'I-c-a-n-t! I-c-a-n-t! so get out of my way, Oblion't make me stay here the live long-day!'

"Well, Carrie child, which one of these little fellows will you take by the hand and make your friend?"

"Why! you need not speak, dear, for I see you have been keeping close by I'll Try all the time I've been talking, as your one stitch has multiplied into so many that only one of the ones is left! In with your needle, and out again. There! tis all done and is Carrie sorry?"

"No, indeed, auntie! but I feel proud and glad to think it is done, and so happy. Before, when I was making up to that disagreeable I Can't, I felt so ugly and cross, I could have bitten anybody, even my dear good auntie, but I'll kiss her now," doing so as she spoke.

"Well, dear," said auntie, returning the kiss, "you may run out now, and play with Kitty, Jennie, and Mary, till the dinner bell rings."

A MEXICAN KING'S BATH.

I am going to tell you of a trip to the mountain of Texcosingo, famous in Aztec days as being the pleasure-garden and retreat of the Indian poet-king, Nezahuscoyolt. From Tezcoco the trip is wildly picturesque and grandly beautiful. The curiously constructed bath of Nezahuacoyolt is cut from a solid block of granite overhanging the brow of the hill. The rock has a smooth surface several yards square, and dropping from its centre is a circular basin some three or four feet deep and a dozen or more in circumference. Out of one side is cut a seat for the accommodation of the bather, while rising from the surface, a little back, is another having a perfect chair form, with a rest on one side for the arm. Protecting the outer side of this is a wall—a part of the same rock—into which seats have been cut, and various little niches in the form of miniature steps, which might have been used by the old Indian monarch as receptacles for his toilet paraphernalia. Following along the still well-preserved path, we came to a chamber cut into the side of the hills, now unroofed and in ruins, the floor being strewn with debris. At the end of this vaulted chamber was a raised platform a foot in height, and several feet square, hewn from solid rock, and on either corner back of this were niches chiselled out, with fragments of cement still clinging to their sides. We have since learned that between these, above the platform, there still remained at the beginning of the present century a large calendar stone, which was later destroyed by the neighboring Indians in search of treasure. This curious work must have cost its builders a vast deal of labor. Separating himself from the cares of his kingdom, Nezahuacoyolt came for retirement to this beautiful mountain, and here four times every day, for forty days, on bended knees, he offered prayer and incense to "the all-powerful God, hidden and unknown." It is said that in answer to these earnest petitions a vision appeared to one of his servants in attendance, directing him to go at once to his master with the comforting assurance that the unseen God had been pleased to accept his prayers, and offerings, and would avenge him by the hands of a son. Axopuatzin, a boy of only seventeen years. The king would not accept the supernatural vision, which was, however, fulfilled. Nezahuacoyolt, upon hearing of the fulfillment of what he had considered a false prophecy, retired in humiliation to the garden of his palace, and, kneeling on the ground, gave thanks to the unknown God for his signal benefits, promising to build a temple to his house, to abstain from idolatrous worship and human sacrifices, and to alone acknowledge the supremacy of the unknown God. In compliance with his vow, he built a tower nine stories high, the interior of which he garnished with gold and precious stones, and the exterior he covered with black cement, embellished with stars. The workmanship was of the most expensive order. In this superb tower were stationed men, whose duty it was, at certain hours of the day, to strike upon plates of fine metal, at the sound of which the monarch fell upon his knees in prayer.

ORIGIN OF GENIUS.

Columbus was the son of a weaver, and a weaver himself, Claude Lorraine was brought up a pastry cook. Moliere, the great French comic writer, was the son of a tapestry maker. Cervantes served as a common soldier. Homer was a beggar. Hesiod was the son of a small farmer. Demosthenes, of a cutler. Terence, the Latin comic writer, was a slave. Oliver Cromwell was the son of a brewer. Howard, the philanthropist, was an apprentice to a grocer. Benjamin Franklin, the son of a tallow chandler. Dr. Bishop, of Worcester, son of a linen draper. Defoe, the great English political writer, was the son of a butcher. Whitefield was the son of an innkeeper at Gloucester. Cardinal Wolsey, the son of a butcher. Ferguson was a shepherd. Virgil was the son of a porter. Shakspeare, of a wool dealer. Horace, of a shop-keeper. Lucian, of a stationer. Hogarth, an apprentice to an engraver. Dean Tucker, of a small farmer and came to Oxford on foot. Bishop Prideaux worked in the kitchen at Exeter College. Edmond Halley was the son of a soap-boiler.

ARTIFICIAL LARYNX.—James Houston, a cloth-worker, living near Glasgow, Scotland, had a malignant tumor in the larynx. Dr. Foulis removed the larynx and substituted an artificial one, with remarkable success. The health of the patient has been greatly restored, and he is able to speak and read distinctly. The first instance of an operation of this kind was performed by Billroth, of Vienna, in 1873, and this is the first case of taking out a deceased and providing an artificial larynx recorded in Great Britain.

News of Interest

—A Richmond saloon keeper has been fined $40 for failing to register the sale of a glass of beer.

—During his long reign Pope Pius IX. created one hundred and twenty cardinals, of whom sixty survive.

—It is estimated that 750,000 persons have signed the temperance pledge in Illinois during the year 1877.

—An Atlanta, Ga., man shipped thirty bushels of sweet potatoes to Chicago. The sale lacked $23 of paying freight.

—Imagination can scarcely grasp the idea that 70,000,000 of human beings are now starving in the famine-stricken provinces of Northern China. Yet this is said to be an unquestioned fact.

—"Stamboul" is the ancient name of the Turkish capital, and is still applied by the Turks to the old city, the "City of Constantine," lying between the Golden Horn and the sea of Marmora.

—The negroes of Georgia, according to official statistics, poll 84,164 votes. They own 457,635 acres of land and $1,199,725 worth of city property. Altogether their wealth amounts to $5,380,276.

—At the beginning of the present century Napoleon had a return made of the probable number of Jews in the world. It was computed that there was a million in the Turkish Empire; in Persia, China, India, 300,000; in Europe, Africa, and America, 1,700,000.

—Mrs. Lucy Nichols, of Waterbury, Conn., celebrated her hundredth birthday on February 17. At 10 P. M., when the company thought of retiring, she was still fresh, and wanted to make a night of it. "When I get started," she said, "I like to go the rounds."

—On the day after their wedding the King and Queen of Spain received at the levee twenty five couples who had been married on the royal wedding day. The costumes of each pair were different, and represented the national dress of twenty-five provinces.

—Mother Theresa, the oldest member of the Carmelite nuns in America, died in Baltimore, Md., a few days since, aged 81. She was a native of Georgetown, D. C., and her father, Mr. Sewall, was a favorite officer of General Washington's. When a baby she often sat in the general's lap.

—The street-car drivers of Montreal are compelled to advertise their dishonesty by carrying cash-boxes slung around their necks. The passenger places the money on the lid of the box, the conductor presses a spring, and the money falls in. If the conductor touches the money, he is discharged.

—The Prince of Wales seems to be minded to eclipse everybody at the coming Paris Exhibition. A superb pavilion in the Elizabethan style is being erected in front of the British section of the main building. The pavilion is intended for his official reception as President of the Royal Commission, and promises to be all that British decorative art can possibly make it.

—Mrs. Justice Clifford, who passes the winter with her husband in Washington, is a slender, erect lady between fifty and sixty years of age, has a twinkling merry black eye and dark hair with scarcely a line of silver in it, dresses plainly, and is loved by every body. The wife of Senator Davis is her warmest friend; she is less in size, her hair is a little grayer, and her eyes large and full. She is a sensible, plain woman, whom any one would be better for knowing. So says one who knows both.

—John Rowlands was the original name of Henry M. Stanley, the African explorer, who since his last expedition has been receiving so many honors in Europe. He was born near Denbigh, Wales, in 1840. His parentage was lowly, but he was fortunate in receiving a pretty good education when a mere child. At fifteen he went as cabin boy on a vessel bound to New Orleans, and there he found a situation in the mercantile house of Henry M. Stanley, who adopted the lad, and bestowed his own name upon him. Unfortunately the merchant died leaving no will, and young Stanley was thrown upon his own resources. He has since been known by his adopted name, although on occasions when he has revisited his native place he has been addressed as "John Rowlands."

—The great social event in London at present is the visit of Crown Prince Rudolph of Austria. He has not exactly won golden opinions, but has been nevertheless extensively lionized. His behavior in Dublin seems to have been particularly unsatisfactory. He raised petty questions of precedence, offended the Duchess of Marlborough, and was positively rude to a young lady, daughter of a Colonel attached to the vice-regal household. In London, too, he seems to have done many things he should not have done. He boasted of his *bonnes fortunes*, for instance, and has more than once abruptly sent word that he could not attend a dinner party, to which he had accepted an invitation. All this has not prevented the aristocracy from feasting him. Lord Salisbury, the Duke of Manchester, and Lord Arlington have given the most brilliant fetes in his honor. The expenses of Lord Arlington's entertainment at Crichel are said to have amounted to $125,000. This includes a magnificent refurnishing of the apartments of the Prince and Princess of Wales, as well as those of the young Archduke. Baron Ferdinand de Rothschild gave him a magnificent ball, one of the features of which was that while the Kronprinz led out Miss Alice de Rothschild, all the other royalties present had for partners American ladies—Lady Mandeville, Mrs. Yznaga, and Miss Stevens.

LOSS OF LIFE IN INDIA.—It has been asserted that in 1875 the wild animals of India—elephants, tigers, leopards, bears, wolves, hyenas, jackals, alligators, buffaloes, boars, and snakes—killed 20,895 human beings, and 46,805 head of cattle. Snakes alone caused the death of 17,070 persons. It is proposed to establish a sort of department, having a responsible chief and subordinate officers, the duty of which shall be confined to abating the loss of life by wild animals. Among the Hindoos there is, besides a religious prejudice against killing snakes, a belief that charms will cure snake-bites.

LEARN the value of a man's words and expressions, and you know him. Each man has a measure of his own for everything. This he offers you, inadvertently, in his words. He who has a superlative for everything, wants a measure for the great or small.

WE often pretend to fear what we really despise, and more often despise what we really fear.

SCIENTIFIC AND USEFUL.

TELEGRAPHIC IMPROVEMENT.—Herr Graufeld, an Austrian official, has invented an apparatus by which 120 messages can be sent over a single wire in the space of an hour.

CEMENTS.—Cements that are used in a fused state, as resin or shellac, will not adhere, unless the parts to be joined are heated to the fusing point of cement. If glue is employed, the surface should be made so warm that the melted glue is not chilled before it has time to effect a thorough adhesion.

EXCAVATION IN GREECE.—P. W. Percival publishes a letter regarding the excavations at Mycenæ. A sixth tomb has been discovered within the circle of stone slabs on the Acropolis, and as five only are mentioned by Pausanias, Dr. Schliemann's theory is destroyed. Numerous remains of archeological value continue to be found.

HIPPOPHAGY.—Two dealers in horse flesh from Rheims France, are to open an establishment in London for the sale of horse's flesh as food. They belong to a society for the promotion of hippophagy. In Paris, the success of the society is unquestionable. There are now 61 "*boucheries*" in that city, and the number of horses, asses, and mules consumed there in 1870 was 2,192; in 1872, 9,782, and in 1877, 10,169.

SCIENTIFIC INVESTIGATION.—A society has been formed in Paris for the purpose of conducting exploration and colonization in undeveloped portions of the earth. The first colony has been started at Sumatra. Those forming it are graduates of the leading technical and professional schools of Paris. As soon as a foothold is obtained, the colony becomes a centre for geographical and general scientific investigation. Some of the members of the colony are to settle permanently in the place occupied. Others, as soon as the colony is self-supporting, are ready to establish a new one. In the course of three years wonderful results may be expected from this system of subduing the earth.

Among the Dead Failures

Of the past, how many bogus nostrums may be numbered! Beginning their careers with a tremendous flourish of trumpets, blazoned for a time in the public prints and on flaming posters, soon, but not too soon, were they relegated to the limbo of things lost on earth. But Hostetter's Stomach Bitters is a living and thriving remedy. Hides on, curing and to cure. Neither underhand nor open competition affect it. On the contrary contrast with inferior rival preparations only increases its popularity. It has been repeatedly imitated, but without success. Counterfeits have been surreptitiously introduced, but have fallen flat. Everywhere it entrenches itself in the confidence of the people; and well it may, for it is a thoroughly reliable invigorant of the feeble, banishes dyspepsia and constipation, braces the nerves, cures rheumatic ailments and kidney complaints, and eradicates and prevents intermittent and remittent fevers.

Cod Liver Oil and Lime.—That pleasant and active agent in the cure of all consumptive symptoms, "Wilbor's Compound of Pure Cod Liver Oil and Lime," is being universally adopted in medical practice. Sold by the proprietor, A. B. Wilbor, Chemist, Boston.

POND'S EXTRACT.

POND'S EXTRACT.

The People's Remedy.
The Universal Pain Extractor.
Note: Ask for Pond's Extract.
Take no other.

"Hear, for I will speak of excellent things."

POND'S EXTRACT—The great **Vegetable Pain Destroyer**. Has been in use over **thirty years**, and for cleanliness and prompt curative virtues cannot be excelled.

CHILDREN. No family can afford to be without **Pond's Extract**. **Accidents, Bruises, Contusions, Cuts, Sprains** are relieved almost instantly by external application. Promptly relieves pain of **Burns, Scalds, Excoriations, Chafings, Old Sores, Boils, Felons, Corns**, etc. Arrests inflammation, reduces swellings, stops bleeding, removes discoloration and heals rapidly.

LADIES find it their best friend. It assuages the pains to which they are **peculiarly** subject—notably fullness and pressure in the head, nausea, vertigo, &c. It promptly ameliorates and permanently heals all kinds of **Inflammations and ulcerations**.

HEMORRHOIDS or **PILES** find in this the *only* immediate relief and ultimate cure. No case however chronic or obstinate can long resist its regular use.

VARICOSE VEINS. It is the only sure cure.

KIDNEY DISEASES. It has no equal for permanent cure.

BLEEDING from any cause. For this it is a **specific**. It has saved hundreds of lives when all other remedies failed to arrest bleeding from **nose, stomach, lungs**, and elsewhere.

TOOTHACHE, Earache, Neuralgia and **Rheumatism** it will alike relieve and often permanently cured.

PHYSICIANS of all schools who are acquainted with **Pond's Extract or Witch Hazel** recommend it in their practice. We have letters of commendation from hundreds of Physicians, many of whom order it for use in their own practice. In addition to the foregoing, they order its use for **Swellings** of all kinds, **Quinsy, Sore Throat, Inflamed Tonsils**, simple and chronic **Diarrhœa, Catarrh**, (for which it is a *specific*), **Chilblains, Frosted Feet, Stings of Insects, Mosquitoes**, etc. **Chapped Hands, Face** and indeed all manner of skin diseases.

TOILET USE. Removes **Soreness, Roughness** and **Smarting**; heals **cuts, Eruptions**, and **Pimples**. It *revives temporarily* and *refreshes*; while wonderfully improving the **Complexion**.

TO FARMERS—**Pond's Extract**. No Stock Breeder, no Livery Man can afford to be without it. It is used by all the leading Livery Stables, Street Railroads and first Horsemen in New York City. It has no equal for Spavins, Harness or Saddle Chafings, Sitfmess, Scratches, Swellings, Cuts, Lacerations, Bleedings, Pneumonia, Colic, Diarrhœa, Chills, Colds, &c. Its range of action is wide, and the relief it affords is so prompt that it is invaluable in every farm-yard as well as in every farm-house. Let it be tried once and you will never be without it.

CAUTION! **Pond's Extract** has been imitated. The genuine article has the words **Pond's Extract** blown in each bottle. It is prepared by the **only persons living who** ever knew how to prepare it properly. Refuse all other preparations of Witch Hazel. This is the only article used by Physicians, and in the hospitals of this country and Europe.

HISTORY and Uses of Pond's Extract, in pamphlet form sent free on application to **POND'S EXTRACT COMPANY**, 98 Maiden Lane, New York.

Grand Extraordinary Drawing
OF THE
Royal Havana Lottery,
APRIL 13, 1878.

CAPITAL PRIZE 1,000,000 PESOS.
AMOUNT OF PRIZES, 3,250,00 PESOS.
ONLY 15,000 TICKETS.
PRICES IN CURRENCY:
Whole, $20; Halves, $10; Quarters, $5; Tenths, $2; Twentieths, $1; Fortieths, $.
M. A. MARTINEZ & CO.,
10 Wall Street, New York.

60 MIXED CARDS, with name, 10c. Best Offer ever made. F. W. Gardiner, Lynn, Mass.

50 CARDS, 20 styles, 15c. 150, no two alike, 25c. SECORBE & CO., Kinderhook, N. Y.

DR. RADWAY'S
SARSAPARILLIAN RESOLVENT.
THE GREAT BLOOD PURIFIER.

FOR THE CURE OF ALL CHRONIC DISEASES, SCROFULA, ULCERS, CHRONIC RHEUMATISM, ERYSIPELAS, KIDNEY, BLADDER, AND LIVER COMPLAINT, DYSPEPSIA, AFFECTIONS OF THE LUNGS AND THROAT, PURIFIES THE BLOOD, RESTORING HEALTH AND VIGOR; CLEAR SKIN AND BEAUTIFUL COMPLEXION SECURED TO ALL.
Sold by Druggists. Price $1 per bottle.

R. R. R.
Radway's Ready Relief.
THE CHEAPEST AND BEST MEDICINE FOR FAMILY USE IN THE WORLD.

ONE 50 CENT BOTTLE

WILL CURE MORE COMPLAINTS, AND PREVENT THE SYSTEM AGAINST SUDDEN ATTACKS OF EPIDEMICS AND CONTAGIOUS DISEASES, THAN ONE HUNDRED DOLLARS EXPENDED FOR OTHER MEDICINES OR MEDICAL ATTENDANCE.

THE MOMENT RADWAY'S READY RELIEF IS APPLIED EXTERNALLY—OR TAKEN INTERNALLY ACCORDING TO DIRECTIONS—PAIN, FROM WHATEVER CAUSE CEASE TO EXIST.

In all cases where pain or discomfort is experienced, or if seized with Influenza, Diphtheria, Sore Throat, Bad Coughs, Hoarseness, Bilious Colic, Inflamation of the Bowels, Stomach, Lungs, Liver, Kidneys, or with Croup, Quinsy, Fever and Ague, or with Neuralgia, Headache, Tic Doloureux, Toothache, Earache, or with Lumbago, Pain in the Back, or Rheumatism, or with Diarrhœa, Cholera Morbus, or with Dysentery, or with Burns, Scalds, or Bruises, or with Sprains, Cramps, or Spasms, the application of RADWAY'S READY RELIEF will cure the worst of these complaints in a few hours.

FOR SALE BY ALL DRUGGISTS.

Dr. RADWAY'S REGULATING PILLS.

Perfectly tasteless, elegantly coated, for the cure of all disorders of the stomach, liver, bowels, kidneys, bladder, nervous diseases, headache, constipation, costiveness, indigestion, dyspepsia, biliousness, bilious fever, inflammation of the bowels, piles, and all derangements of the internal viscera. Warranted to effect a positive cure.

Price 25 cents per box. Sold by all druggists.

DR. RADWAY & CO.
32 Warren Street, New York.

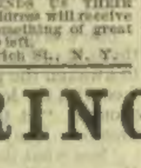
MISS Margaret Wilkinson, Wingham, Ont., Canada, wishes to hear from Ellis or Mary, daughters of James Anderson, from Mischrafelt, Londonderry, Ireland, who resided in Philadelphia some twenty years ago.

50 NICE CARDS, Plaid Ivory, Silk, Block, etc., with name 15c. F. W. Austin & Co., North Haven, Conn.

XCENTS MAILED WITH THIS NOTICE TO DR. C. E. SYKES, 169 Madison St., Chicago, will return "The True Theory of Catarrh," and full information of a "Sure Cure." Cut this out.

50 BEST CARDS, no two alike, printed in Crimson or Jet, 15c. CLINTON BROS., Clintonville, Conn.

R. DOLLARD,
313
CHESTNUT ST.,
PHILADELPHIA,
Premier Artist
IN
HAIR.



Inventor of the celebrated GOSSAMER VENTILATING WIG and ELASTIC BAND TOUPEES.

Instructions to enable Ladies and Gentlemen to measure their own heads with accuracy:

For Wigs, Inches.	*Toupees and Scalps, Inches.*
No. 1. The round of the head.	No. 1. From forehead back as far as bald.
No. 2. From forehead over the head to nape.	No. 2. Over forehead as far as required.
No. 3. From ear to ear over the top.	No. 3. Over the crown of the head.
No. 4. From ear to ear, round the forehead.	

He has always ready for sale a splendid Stock of Gents' Wigs, Toupees, Ladies' Wigs, Half Wigs, Frissettes, Braids, Curls, etc. beautifully manufactured, and as cheap as any establishment in the Union. Letters from any part of the world will receive attention.

Private rooms for Dyeing Ladies' and Gentlemen's Hair.

ANY LADY OR GENT THAT SENDS US THEIR address will receive something of great value free by mail. Only about 200 left. M. YOUNG, 173 Greenwich St., N. Y.

UNHAPPY MARRIAGE RELATIONS legally and speedily adjusted in any State. Real estate exchanges. Pire Records, Collections, etc. Advice free. G. R. SIMS, Attorney, 125 S. Clark street, Chicago, Ill.

AGENTS Wanted to sell our WATCHES, NOVELTIES, etc. $72 WATCH FREE. Outfit Free. G. M. HANSON & CO., Chicago, Ill.

40 Finely Printed Visiting Cards, no two alike with your names on them all for only 10 cents. STAR PRINTING CO., NORTHFORD, CONN.

40 VERY BEST, LATEST STYLE Cards, no two alike, with name, 10c. STAR CARD CO., Clintonville, Conn.

25 3-PLY CARDS, all styles with name, 10 Cents post-paid. J. W. Brockway, Wilson, N. Y.

RUPTURE

Relieved and cured, without the injury trusses inflict, by Dr. J. A. Sherman's system. Office, 258 Broadway, N. Y. His book, with photographic likenesses of bad cases before and after cure, mailed for 10 cents.

REVOLVER FREE Seven-shot revolver with box cartridges. Address J. Brown & Son, 138 and 138 Wood St., Pittsburg, Pa.

15 CENTS FOR AN ELEGANT Chromo and Sunset Chimes for three months. Try it. Sunset Chimes Pub. Co. 75 Madison St., Chicago.

$1200 Salary. Salesmen wanted to sell our staple goods to dealers. No peddling. Expenses paid. Permanent employment. Address S. C. GRANT & CO., 2, 4, 6 & 8 Home St., Cincinnati, O.

$100 PER MONTH and Expenses or Commission for live agents. Address Contract, P. O. Box 1443, Parker House, Portland Street, Chicago, Ill.

QUEER That you can get a dollar for 25 cents; $100 for $25. Sample bill 25 cents. Little risk and large profits. J. B. Gaylord & Co., Chicago.

25 EXTRA MIXED CARDS, Snowflake, Oriental, &c., with name, 10 cts. J. B. HUSTED, Nassau, N. Y.

WANTED—Men in each State for the Detective Service and to report crime. Pay liberal. Inclose stamp, and address AMERICAN AND EUROPEAN SECRET SERVICE CO., Cincinnati, Ohio.

40 Latest Style cards, no two alike, with name, 10 cents. 26 styles Fun and Flirtation Cards, 10 cents. E. D. GILBERT, P. M., Higganum, Conn.

$2500 A year, Agents wanted everywhere. Business strictly legitimate. Particulars free. Address J. WORTH & Co., St. Louis, Mo.

50 BEST Mixed Cards, with name, in case, 13c., or 25 no 2 alike, 25c. Outfit 10c. Dowd & Co., Bristol, Ct.

40 MIXED CARDS, with name, 10 cents. Agents outfit 10 cts. L. JONES & CO., Nassau, N. Y.

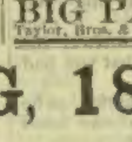
TO ADVERTISERS! We will send free to all applicants who do any newspaper advertising, the THIRD EDITION of AYER & SON'S MANUAL FOR ADVERTISERS, 160 8vo. pp. More complete than any which have preceded it. Gives the names, circulation and advertising rates of several thousand newspapers in the United States and Canada, and contains more information of value to an advertiser than can be found in any other publication. All lists have been carefully revised, and where practicable prices have been reduced. The special offers are numerous and unusually advantageous. Be sure to send for it before spending any money in newspaper advertising. Address N. W. AYER & SON, ADVERTISING AGENTS, Times Building, Philadelphia.

Madison Dispensary,
201 So. Clark St., Chicago, Ill.
DR. BIGELOW, of 30 years experience, treats CHRONIC DISEASES in both sexes SAFELY, SURELY, PRIVATELY. NERVOUS DEBILITY, producing PIMPLES on the FACE, etc., rendering MARRIAGE IMPROPER, can be positively and permanently cured. Send for Pamphlet 36 pages, 6 cts. His MARRIAGE GUIDE, containing 200 large pages, ILLUSTRATED, containing much that was never before published. Price, 50 cents, to secure envelope. Write for information on any subject. Letters CONFIDENTIAL.

BEATTY

Beatty's popular plan, viz: A $650 Piano for $170; $90 Cabinet Parlor Organ for only $65, etc., etc. WARRANTED FOR SIX YEARS, and sent on 15 DAYS TEST trial. Address, DANIEL F. BEATTY, Washington, New Jersey, U. S. A.

$3 GOLD PLATED WATCHES. Cheapest in the known world. *Sample Watch Free to Agents.* Address, A. COULTAS & Co., Chicago.



WATCHES and JEWELRY Retailed at Manufacturers' Prices. You can save 50 per cent by ordering of us. Our fine Illustrated Price List sent on application. ROGERS MANF'G CO., 341 State St., CHICAGO, ILL.

40 MIXED CARDS in a case 13c.; in Gold 20c. Agents outfit 10c. George Turner, Bristol, Ct.

30 CARDS, with name 10 cts., or 20 Chromo Cards 25 cts. SPENCER & CO., Nassau, N. Y.

The Science of Life,
OR, SELF-PRESERVATION.
Two hundredth edition, revised and enlarged, just published. It is a standard medical work, the best in the English language, written by a physician of great experience, to whom was awarded a gold and jeweled medal by the National Medical Association. It contains beautiful and pathetic steel plate engravings, and more than 30 valuable prescriptions for all forms of prevailing diseases, the result of many years of extensive and successful practice. 300 pages, bound in French cloth; price only $1; sent by mail. The London Lancet says: "No person should be without this valuable book. The author is a noble benefactor." An illustrated sample sent to all on receipt of 6 cents for postage. Address Dr. W. H. PARKER, 4 Bulfinch St., Boston. The author may be consulted on all diseases requiring skill and experience.

ROSES 6 for $1.14 for $2, postpaid. Rooted plants by mail. Catalogue free. J. T. Phillips & Son, West Grove, Chester Co., Pa.

BIG PAY to sell our Rubber Printing Stamps. Samples free. Taylor, Bros. & Co., Cleveland, O.

SPRING, 1878.

Silks
Dress Goods
Mourning Goods
Cloakings
Flannels
Linens
Muslins
White Goods
Laces
Ribbons
Trimmings
Embroideries
Fringes
Zephyrs & Worsteds
Neckwear
Gloves
Toilet Articles
Stationery
Flowers & Feathers

THE second year of the General Dry Goods Business at the Grand Depot is just opening. It is proper to say that what was deemed an experiment, the first year, experience proves to be a success, and we now propose to greatly improve on the first plans.

The principles of—

1—A uniform low price for everything throughout the House.

2—One Price and no partiality.

3—Politeness and patience to rich and poor.

4—Cash Returned if buyers return goods (even though Dress Patterns) in reasonable time and uninjured.

A very large stock of all kinds of newest Dry Goods always on hand, arranged on one floor with plenty of light to see them. A thousand people can easily be waited on at one time. Where so many goods are selling every day the people are sure of getting only fresh goods. Earnestly desiring to serve the people well, and inviting them to visit the Grand Depot whether they wish to buy, or "only to see the fashions."

☞ If not coming to the city to see the magnificent new stock for Spring, send for samples, describing class of goods wanted. We do a large business through the mail.

Very respectfully,

JOHN WANAMAKER
GRAND DEPOT,
13TH & MARKET,
PHILADELPHIA.

Ladies and Misses Suits
Ladies Sacques and Cloaks
Ladies Underwear
Hosiery
Upholstery Goods
Blankets and Quilts
Trunks and Valises
Rubber Goods
Horse Covers
Men's and Boy's Clothing
Hats
Shoe

LOST LOVE.

BY J. STIRLING.

My stars that were dim have grown bright;
But I never shall feel,
As they over me steal,
The bliss of that lost summer night.

When far in the depths of the wood,
Where the violets were dying
And sad summer sighing
In sorrow, no more to be sued;

We rode down the lonely green lane
To the edge of the forest,
While sweetly, in chorus,
Weird nightingales warbled their pain.

She clung to my slack bridle rein;
From the saddle to kiss her
I leaned—but to miss her—
Had never a thought of the pain.

The sun, in the west, linger'd red,
With the glory of dying,
And, wantonly sighing,
The land-breeze far ocean ward fled.

Then lightly I bade her adieu;
Yet passion was near,
Pain, pleasure and fear—
I had not a thought, but she knew.

My stars that were dim have grown bright;
But I never shall feel,
As they over me steal,
Far out in the still summer night,

The simple contentment and joy
Of Love that was good,
Yet not understood,
By the heart of an innocent boy.

DEAREST, TAKE ME AS I AM.

BY ROSE STANDISH.

Dearest, take me as I am,
With all my faults, nor few nor small;
Though those sweet eyes of thine should chide,
I would not seek my faults to hide.
Darling, take me as I am,
And trust me all in all.

Dearest, take me as I am,
For life, for death, whate'er befall;
Place thou thy rose-leaf hand in mine,
And let me take it as a sign
That thou dost take me as I am—
Dost trust me all in all.

Dearest, take me as I am!
A suppliant at thy feet I fall.
What words have I wherein to tell
How much I love thee, dear—how well!
Dearest, take me as I am,
And trust me all in all.

PHANTOMS,

OR A NIGHT MYSTERY.

BY C. LEON GUMPERT.

X.

"For God's sake don't leave me alone in the dark," cried Louis, seeing that Henry and the policeman were about to forsake him for the moment.

"What are you going to do? What is the matter now? Tell me!"

"The matter is," said Henry, "that the watchman whom we sent upstairs to look around and find out something, has actually found something, methinks; for he keeps up a deuce of a whistling. Now you keep quiet, Lou, and don't stir."

"My God! Must I stay here in the dark again!"

"No," cried Henry. "Let the light of this stearine candle render you happy. In the meantime the whistling continues. Snapfelder, stand by the door here and watch. I will venture out and brave the dark. I'm used to it."

Henry went out into the entry and gave a loud whistle.

It was answered from upstairs.

"Hallo," he yelled as loud as he could, when he reached the foot of the staircase.

"Hello, up there! Have you found anything?"

There came back a distant cry:

"Yes, come up!" It was Roop's voice.

Henry was making up his mind whether to go up or stay with Louis, when somebody was heard running downstairs. As the person came nearer, Henry cried out:

"Who is it?"

"It is I, Miranda. I know your voice, Henry!"

"Dear, dear, Miranda! Tell me all. Have you a trace,—have you?"

"Mr. Roop thinks he has discovered something," she replied breathlessly. 'But has Esther awakened?"

"No," answered Henry, quickly. "That is, I suppose not. I have been—that is—"

"Why Henry, Henry, what ails you? Have you discovered anything new? Where are the police? Why is it so dark here?"

"I won't answer a single question, my dear girl. Go over into the parlor there, and see for yourself."

"What? I feel more frightened now than I have yet been to-night. What! Do not alarm me."

"No need for alarm, Mirry. There, give me your hand. But why did you come down."

"To find why you didn't answer the signal sooner. We thought that you had been murdered."

"Where is Roop?" Henry queried, as he grasped the stair-baluster with one hand and led Miranda with the other.

Miranda replied as she cautiously felt her way down, step by step:

"In the spare chamber. There it was that we encountered a new fright. But listen. There is something moving there. Something moaning."

"It is my sister. She is awake. Esther, Esther!" he called. "I wish I had a light here."

"Bother," cried Miranda; "are you sure she is awake. Essie, dear! Essie!"

There being no response to this summons, Henry and the woman he loved best of all mortal things, went over towards the hallway, where Esther had fallen asleep.

"Don't wake her, Henry," whispered Miranda. "I will go nearer, in spite of this hideous darkness. I can yet discern her figure, coming out with a ghostly phosphorescence upon the black background yonder. She is asleep. Hark, at her regular breathing."

It was even so. The young woman had hardly moved from the position she had assumed when she first sank into slumber.

But was it really Esther? There had been so many juggling changes on this weird night, that who would be safe in asserting, and especially in the dark too, whether this was really the figure of Henry's sister, or some ghostly proxy.

"You spoke of a new alarm upstairs," Henry began; "tell me of it. I am going up. Hear that? Roop keeps whistling."

Miranda had not heeded him. She was gazing into the entry where the light of the candle flared out into the darkness, and where against the wall opposite the door a huge phantom shadow of more than mortal statue moved, like a guarding genius. The shadow of Snapfelder.

"Why is that light there?" she asked.

"Go see," replied Henry, quietly.

"That is Mr. Tinkle," she asserted.

"Perhaps."

"Do not make me crazy," ejaculated Miranda. "Would you have me go there if there was anything to alarm me."

"If you think so."

"Have you found anything?"

"Yes."

"You tantalize me, Henry. I will go."

"Do so! Do so, dear girl, and I will glide upstairs in the meantime. You go straight on, right into the parlor."

Curiosity was a powerful spur to the woman, and she defied fear.

She turned to go into the entry, but Henry, before he released her hand, gave it a gentle pressure, then drew it close to him and imprinted a kiss upon the slender fingers.

Then he darted up the stairs, but stopped when he had gained a flight of a dozen steps and called out:

"Mirry! Mirry!"

"Well!" She paused in her passage toward the parlor.

Henry fairly leaped downstairs, and running to her exclaimed:

"I am not going up."

"Why not?"

"I'd rather be with you. Mr. Roop is able to take care of himself, I think. He needs no help."

"Indeed he does," replied Miranda, in a slightly imperious tone. "And he needs a brave man. A brave man, Henry. Surely you wouldn't forsake him."

"He is whistling for a policeman," said Henry. "It is the policeman's duty, not mine. I will send up the policeman at once. I have no right to arrest. I have no right to fire at anything, even it was a robber; besides I have no means. Depend upon it, I am right, dear Mirry. Roop wants an officer. I can be of no service to him."

"So be it then," returned Miranda. "Let us summon Mr. Tinkle."

"But Mr. Tinkle has vanished into thin air; he and his dog. But we have a substitute in the parlor. A good man, too."

Snapfelder was indeed a good man in every sense of the term. In Henry's brief absence the kind-hearted patrolman had actually removed his wet overcoat and taken off his warm undercoat, which he threw over the body of Louis, and tucked carefully and snugly around him.

"Here, Snapfelder," cried Henry, in the entry.

The policeman needed no summons, for hearing persons approaching, he ran out with an official intent, and prepared to grapple with anything hostile.

"It's you, sir. Well, what's the news, sir?"

"You're wanted upstairs. As fast as you can."

The policeman drew his club and gave an answering whistle and a shout that was truly frightful; he darted along the entry and up the stairs, with a clatter sufficient to exorcise any fiend.

"Now," said Henry, "there goes a really efficient policeman. Those two men upstairs can attend to everything that is needed. Remember, there is a patrol on the outside, and I think the house can take care of itself now. I am weary enough of running up and down stairs, and examining this and that to find—what? A nonentity—a miserable zero. I know there is something in the house, something horrible, something supernatural maybe. But we cannot find it. We have hunted high and low to find it. We have seen it and it has eluded us constantly, and we seem to be in its power, rather than it to be in ours. What's the use of any more exertion on our part, Mirry. Let us await the action of the police. You are fatigued. You are disgusted and are depressed as you can possibly be, and I insist upon your going into the parlor and resting. You have as good a right to rest and repose and slumber as Esther has. Nay a better. For you have done a braver share of the work, dear girl."

"I am tired, indeed," said Miranda.

In fact, the exhilaration of the excitement having waned now, she was beginning to feel its sedative effect.

Henry put his arm around her shoulder and gently led her along the entry to the parlor door.

"See if you can recognize this phantom," said Henry, pointing to where Louis lay, now in a profound slumber. In the short space of time that Henry was absent Mr. Schaff had fortunately dropped into a sleep deep and natural, with restoration to the brain that had been nigh tortured into actual insanity.

Miranda went up to the sleeping figure and without a start, without a sign of emotion, but with an almost deathly pallor upon her beautiful face, said calmly:

"It is Louis!"

She looked at Henry, and the great tears flowed from her luminous eyes. She clasped her hands together as in prayer, and sinking down upon her knees she murmured:

"Thank God! Thank God!"

She was overflowing with joy at the thought of Esther's joy! How she longed to awaken the girl, and bring her face to face with the long lost one. "No, no," she thought, "let them sleep and mingle their dreams. They will both wake happy."

"See what that good fellow's done," said Henry. "Put his coat over him. He has a heart. He shall not go unrewarded, either. That Tinkle is a complete coward."

"Where, where did you find this poor boy?" asked Miranda, in almost a murmur.

"It is a long story, dear, a long story. I will tell you some other time. Suffice it to say that he has suffered intensely, and, I doubt not, has been in the hands of wretches—the very same perhaps who even now threaten us."

"The cloud will lift," said Miranda, fervently; "we shall soon see the source of this mystery, I hope. God grant it. Poor fellow. Esther will be so glad."

"Not half so happy as I am now, dear girl," said Henry, as he kneeled beside Miranda, and just touched her shoulder with a tender sweep of his embracing arm.

How he adored this brave, sweet woman.

"And I am happy," she replied gently. "Very happy, after all our exploration and worry, to know that Louis is found and that Esther has been spared the agony that we have since suffered."

"You are good, you are as good as you are beautiful, Mirry!"

"Am I, Harry. Do you think so?" she sighed, while a faint touch of color illumined her face. Then she smiled and looked into his eyes, saying:

"You have been both brave and kind, Harry. I thank you!"

"Thank me, dear? For what?"

"For your presence in the hour of danger. For suffering for us."

How the love-light kindled their jaded countenances into expression.

Henry went a few steps across the room and wheeled a cushioned arm chair to where Miranda was kneeling.

"Sit here, dear," he whispered; "and may God send you a sweet forgetfulness in the shape of pleasant dreams."

"Oh! thank you, Harry," she answered, her face glowing with affection, as she arose and took the proffered seat.

"I will accept the chair but not the dreams. I am in no mood for sleep. There is too much in the air to let me sleep. I must know that all is safe—everything put to rights, and that the watchman has discovered the causes of our terror. When these are made known, I may possibly sleep. Not till then, however.

Then pointing to the wine bottle and bouquet-holder lying on the rug at the foot of the lounge, she said with a smile:

"You have been convivial."

"Yes," replied Henry. "Snapfelder brought it from the pantry for Louis."

"Kind man!" said Miranda. "How in the world though did he know there was wine there?"

"Why he saw it when we got Louis out."

"What do you mean? Out! Out of what?"

Henry saw that he could not well keep the secret.

"Out of the pantry."

"Do you mean to tell me that you found Louis in the pantry?"

"I do."

Miranda looked up at him in consternation.

"Is it possible? Saints of Heaven, what does it mean? How came he there?"

"Dear Mirry," replied Henry, "if we attempt to answer all the conundrums of this night we will do very well. Let us wait for the denouement. Our bodies and limbs are sufficiently exhausted without attempting to exhaust our wits in conjectures and theories. For my part, I know nothing. I only know that we found Louis lying in the pantry. His arms and mouth were tied. That is all I know. If you ask me the riddle how he came there, I give it up."

Just then the back parlor door flew open and a white figure appeared at the portal with a suddenness that made Miranda scream.

It was the figure of a woman.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

LADIES' DEPARTMENT.

Fashion Notes, Queries and Fireside Chat.

In harmony with the song which tells us that

"In the spring a fuller crimson comes upon the robin's breast;
In the spring the wanton lapwing gets himself another crest;
In the spring a livelier iris changes on the burnished dove."

So in the spring a woman's fancy lightly turns to thoughts of lovely dresses and lovely bonnets which come fresh from the artistic and tasteful creations of dame Fashion, who with such magical and wondrous touches, makes the pleasing transformation in our dress every season. It is now that the magical word "opening" is announced, and our minds are on the happy alert of expectancy, ready to explore the labyrinth of treasures brought from Fashion's mine of wealth, which is like that of Golconda, and inexhaustible in its resources. Prominent on the list, as well as in every one's thoughts, is that which takes place at the Grand Depot of Mr. Wanamaker, which our columns have made so familiar to our readers, and on this occasion additional interest is created by the double event which is celebrated; for, while he displays all the latest specimens of fabrics fresh from the most skilful manufacturers, costumes and cloaks fresh from the most prominent modistes of Paris, London and Berlin, the interest in these is increased by the fact that they celebrate the anniversary of their first opening one year ago to-day, when they inaugurated in Philadelphia one of the greatest benefits to its citizens, and with the spirit of generosity and enterprise which have marked their career, they have placed within the reach of all such facilities for shopping, in all its details, as were never known before. That it has become a necessity to our interests and wants, and has attained the firmest position as a necessary institution, one has but to enter the door which lead to the maze of aisles and counters contained in the building, and see the throng which fills them every day from early morn till evening.

It is indeed a tempting array of Fashion's latest fantasies which now meet one's eyes everywhere, exquisitely tinted materials of silk and wool, fresh and dainty lawns, percales, ginghams, or zephyr cloth—in fact every variety of texture and color, swell the list to a point beyond description, and the eager delight and pleasure evinced by all who behold them, is like that which one feels when the first blossoms of spring appear as harbingers of the coming boundless wealth of flowers.

The fancy for rough threaded materials is visible in every fabric, and even is simulated where the texture does not admit of a rough surface. At a distance the melange of colors produce a soft, opalescent effect, as if but one color shaded were used; but a closer inspection shows innumerable tiny pin head dots of various bright colors exquisitely blended together.

For dressy occasions, and suitable for summer wear, the materials resemble the mexicaine texture, coarse threads of light or dark shades of blue, green and brown, forming a honey-comb pattern, over which are scattered these little dots of cardinal, old gold, tilleul blue, coral pink, with faint dashes of white and black. Moss green and myrtle green find their way in many of these color combinations, and the shade of red which frequently appears, is a dark, dull Indian red rather than cardinal, but in the combination with other bright shades, its effect is very rich.

The new materials are soft and flexible, and will drape with graceful effect, the rough thread appearing in long dashes, irregular and broken squares, or tied in knots which form a boucle or curled appearance; others present a crimpled appearance like crepe, and are studded with downy spots, of rough threads. Again, the soft silky texture is dotted over with fleecy white down, as if the material had been subjected to a shower of puff balls and had received all the delicate feathery fronds and held them.

Some charming delicate shades of blue are interwoven with dark green, red, old gold, and ivory white, and coral pink; but all these colors so bright in substance only appear in this melange like opalescent shadows, and color the material with charming effect, without being too voyante.

For street wear, delicate shades of gray, brown, dark green, blue and black, present similar combinations of bright artistically arranged colors, and suggest that Fashion's touch has all the wonderful skill of the artist who can infuse life and color into dead canvas, as she does in warp and woof.

In black goods, a camel's hair grenadine or perfect blackness appears and will find great popularity among all who prefer a black costume and have always selected grenadine or bernani, as it is termed. The camel's hair grenadine promises great durability, as a recommendation to its purchasers. Other black materials have roughly-woven threads on the surface, of canvass, striped or damasse grenadine. We are also promised black grenadine laminee, with interwoven threads of metal, such as gold threads, silver, steel blue, tinsel red and pearly white.

Although the new cambrics, percales and lawns cannot have raised threads, they are printed in the same bright combinations and represent the gnarled threads, rings, broken bars, checks and dots visible on the other fabrics.

Many of the percales are supplied with borders simulating the same rough texture, which are used for trimming; while a plainer surface is used for a portion of the dress. Few white grounds are visible, most of them having a dark blue, green, brown or black ground nearly hidden by the gay colors thrown over them. The zephyr cloth, more familiarly known as gingham, appears this season in a charming variety of checks and irregular width stripes, showing two or more colors harmoniously combined. This material is susceptible of being made into lovely summer dresses, with their pretty trimmings of lace or the colored Hamburg embroidery so much in vogue now, the colors of the embroidery blending well with those of the dress, and while not making an expensive costume, the most stylish and effective result is produced. I may add as an additional charm to the trimming, prettily-tied knots of ribbon combining the two prominent colors of the dress, such as gray and rose pink, blue and cardinal, or pink and brown, or blue and brown.

Let us look for a moment at the costumes and glean a few ideas as a guide for the coming fashions.

A charming costume of a corduroy bonnette in olive green, with dashes of black, gold, cardinal and ivory white. The skirt is cut all in one, the front being formed of alternate pleated panels of olive silk and the wool material. These panels extend up the back of the skirt plain, and the bottom is edged by a knife pleating of silk and the bourette. The basque corsage is of olive silk with bourette sleeves, and plastron back and front of bourette.

Another stylish costume, which was marked by an elegant simplicity, was of silver gray damasse flecked with silvery white and black; panels of gray silk were inserted down the back of the plain princesse skirt, untrimmed at the edge, and caught together in pleats by a silver buckle near the basque corsage. The front of the skirt was drawn in loose folds towards the back, and was edged at the bottom by a pleating of damasse; a wide fold of the silk was carried across the front diagonally to the waist. The basque corsage was trimmed with a wide fold of gray silk, which formed a neck in the front.

A very distingue costume of myrtle green bourette had flecks of white blue, Indian red, gold and light green, black and white. Front of the skirt is edged at the bottom with a knife pleating, of alternate pleats of myrtle green silk and bourette, with a wide fold of green silk above, which is continued with the pleating diagonally across the tablier, which is drawn in loose folds to the back. The back is composed of alternate panels of silk and bourette, and caught closely together at the top by an oxydized silver clasp. Basque corsage trimmed with a fold of green silk piped with pale blue.

A very handsome navy blue bourette, with pale blue jaffed threads, was made over a navy blue silk skirt trimmed with a knife pleating of the bourette. The overskirt was cut with a polonaise front, and a Louis XV. jacket of blue silk piped with light blue, turned back with revers in the front, and in the back trimmed with two silk pleatings, a chenille fringe trimmed the bottom of the sides, and the edge of the overskirt; bows of light and dark blue silk trimmed the front.

A very elegant black silk was made in the Princesse shape, and the bottom cut in squares with satin and silk pleatings inserted between them. Folds of satin and silk satin pleatings and a rich tassel and variegated jet fringe trimmed the front in an artistic style, the back being caught together in pleats by a handsome jet ornament.

Our space forbids a more lengthy description, so we will resume it in our next, and look for a moment at the cloaks. Dolmans and capes, with mantillas, seem to have taken the place of sacques as a wrap, and appear in an endless variety of shapes and trimming. Small fichus of cashmere, camel's-hair, trimmed with fringe and passementerie, from $10 up to $25. Others of larger size with trimmings of fringe, lace, jet, or passementerie, from $12, $14, $15, $18, $20, $25 up to $50 and $75, and so on, in such a bewildering and tempting variety that when one begins an inspection, the end is difficult to attain; but I must close it for to-day, and will give my readers a further description in my next.

Our Fireside Chat.

Among the letters sent to the Fireside Chat this week are the following answers and queries:

Floor Mats.—In answer to inquiry from *Down South*, I have recently seen one or two ways in which the ever-busy fingers of those who love work could be applied for use as well as ornament in making things for their house, and decidedly the best of all were rugs and mats—always so expensive to buy, and so much needed in all parts of a house. These were made of hop-sacking, very strong, and rather rough. Each mat had fringed-out ends and sides, further ornamented with threads of crewel or Berlin wool introduced into the fringe. A bold pattern of trailing flowers and leaves was worked in outline crewel stitch all round the mat, and in the centre was the monogram of the owner in as many colors as there were initials. Scarlet, yellow and bright green look best upon this material, and for those mats which I saw single Berlin wools had been used with great advantage. Geometrical patterns do almost as well as outlines of flowers and leaves, but whatever pattern is chosen it must be worked thickly and boldly. The real hop-sacking is very thick, and the worker will have to pass her needle from front to back and so on. These mats and rugs look very pretty in front of dressing tables, or placed anywhere on a polished floor, or under a piano.—*Constant Worker.*

You published some time ago some inquiries from *Country Girl* for fancy work, so I send some suggestions which I think will be found practical and simple, for there are many who have not the opportunities or the means of procuring large pieces of ornamental china or pottery, that may gratify their taste by ornamenting vases and jars of terra cotta, earthenware, or stoneware. Let them obtain a vase or jar of good form, as much as possible in the style of the old Etruscan or Grecian urns, or of an Indian water goblet. The first step in the work is to paint the surface in some pale or decidedly bright oil color—either light delicate sea-green, friar's grey, clear azure, or deep rich blue, buff, straw color, brown, a vivid scarlet, or dull red. Then the style of the surface ornamentation has to be fixed upon. Floral designs may be cut out of chintzes and silk, and collections of silhouette pictures or cuttings from illustrated papers used for the purpose. Engravings of old Etruscan vases can often be bought cheap at print-shops, and are admirably adapted for this kind of surface ornamentation. The arrangement of the carefully cut-out designs is a matter of individual taste. It can either be done in harlequin or pot pourri style, or between bands of black and gold paper, clipping the edges of the latter, so that when applied to a rounded surface they will fold into shape. Having the designs you wish to apply ready to hand, gum each piece carefully, and with a soft cloth press them firmly on the painted surface, which must be thoroughly dry. When all the gummed on pieces are firmly fixed and dry, then with a large brush give the entire surface a coat of copal varnish, going all over the jar or vase with bold strokes, but never touching any part a second time while wet. When dry, give a second coat, dry again, and then, with powdered pumice stone and a wet soft flannel pad, carefully polish the surface by rubbing it gently. Wash clean, and if not quite smooth and glassy, repeat the varnishing and rubbing. Finally well wash the surface, give the last coat of varnish, and keep the article in a place free from dust until the surface has become thoroughly dry and hard. If these vases or jars are to be used as receptacles for perfumes, a plate to fit over the top may be ornamented in similar manner. The perfume may be composed thus: For the foundation, layers of rose leaves and salt are prepared during the rose season, turning and mixing the mass, and adding to it during two months. Place a portion of this rose-leaves mixture at the bottom of the jar, spread a layer of raw cotton over it, and sprinkle with powdered cloves, mace, nutmeg, cinnamon, orris root, caraway and bruised fennel seeds, cardamom pods, seeds or sprays of lavender, a handful of sage, thyme, and rosemary, and shavings of cedar wood. Any highly perfumed flowers, leaves of rose and lemon geraniums, a sprinkling of camphor, sprigs of peppermint, spearmint, and a little musk, Eau de Cologne, essential oils of various kinds, and the sachet odors sold at a comparatively low price by perfumers, will prove fine additions to the piquancy of the potpourri.

Piecing a Calico or Worsted Quilt.—In answer to *Mignon's* inquiry, I will describe a very pretty inexpensive quilt I have lately seen. It was made of squares of two colors, although a variety of colors may be used. After the squares are sewed together with the colors alternating, each corner of the squares was worked in silks of some contrasting color to the square, dark colored silks or wool in the light squares, and light colors on the dark squares; the embroidery was the simple point lace stitches, three lances in each corner of the squares, so they formed a star, with a French knot of yellow silk in the centre; this is made by twisting the silk two or three times around the needle, and then put it from the upper surface through to the under, and as the needle passes through, the thread draws through the twists on the needle and forms the desired knot. It must be remembered that this embroidery is not done until after the whole quilt is finished, for the point lances stitches are made in the corner of every square, and as the four corners meet, the embroidery stitches produce a star. The whole effect is very pretty on a quilt or a sofa cushion made of squares of silk, alternating with black velvet.

Covering Chair Seats.—Industry wants suggestions about covering the seats of some worn chairs.

Rub off all the old varnish with a piece of glass, and afterward either polish and re-varnish, or stain and ornament with Decalcomania designs. I stained mine with umber and vinegar, and varnished with Japan varnish. When the varnish was almost dry I applied the gilding.

If *Industry* wants to make a lounging or reading chair, the first step is to saw off two or three inches from each leg, in order to make the seat lower, as the casters and upholstering necessarily raise the height, and besides, this kind of chair is intended to be unusually low. Next fasten the caster firmly on each leg; those with brass sockets for the admission of the leg will perhaps be best, though any neat, strong kind will answer. The next step is to upholster the back and seat; this is done by first cutting the interlining of some coarse material (coffee sacks will do, if you have no better); two pieces extending entirely across the chair, and allowing at least six inches on each side, and eight on top and bottom, on account of filling; also cut two side-pieces shaped to the sides of the back and seat; sew these side-pieces to the under part of the lining, and lay on the filling until six inches deep; then sew the upper part to the sides, and finally make the outside cover of any material desired, slipping it over the padding, and catching the two together at top and bottom. Then with a long sail-needle and strong twine proceed to catch the back and front together, fastening a button or tuft of worsted in each place, and using care to make the "buttoning" regular, placing the rows so that the buttons in one row alternate with those in the next. When this is finished, tack the pad to the wooden frame of the chair, and line the back with glazed muslin, and trim around the lower part with deep fringe, a ruffle, or ornamental lambrequin, as preferred. Finish the edges with heavy cord (you can make your own cord by buying Germantown yarn, and it's so much cheaper), and make rosettes for each side of the top, in the centre of which let cord and tassels depend; a strip of rich embroidery adds vastly to the elegance of this comfortable chair.

This chair can be made of an ordinary cane-seated chair.

My letter has grown too long already, and I haven't told the half. Perhaps I will write again.—*Gipsy Wiespate.*

Plum Pudding without Suet.—I have two recipes for the pudding desired by "California Reader," either of which is good, and hope they will have a place in the Fireside Chat:

2oz of whole rice, stewed till tender in one and a quarter pints of milk, 1 1-2 oz. butter, 2 oz. flour, one-quarter pound moist sugar, three-quarters of a pound of raisins, one-half pound currants, four eggs well beaten. Mix all these ingredients when hot, except the eggs, which must be added when cold. Boil six hours in a shape. Spice can be added if liked.

One-half pound flour, one-half pound currants, one-half pound grated carrots, one-half pound grated potatoes, one-quarter pound butter, two oz. sugar; mix all together, adding a little salt and any other approved seasoning; boil in a buttered basin an hour and a half, and serve with sweet sauce. A large spoonful of treacle is an agreeable addition.—*Canada Subscriber.*

Coloring Woods.—The following directions, I think, will prove all that "Western Worker" requires:

Various kinds of wood, such as oak, linden, fir, beech, pine, poplar, etc., can be caused to assume very desirable tints by the application of various stains, which penetrate into the wood and produce a complete change of color, the following being among the most desirable:

For yellow, the wood is to be treated with a hot concentrated solution of picric acid, then dried and polished. In its manipulation, however, it must be remembered that picric acid is highly poisonous.

For ebony black, coat the wood several times with a concentrated solution of logwood in distilled water; then treat it with acetate of iron of 14 Beaume until the desired color is secured.

For gray, make two applications of a solution of one part of nitrate of silver in fifty of distilled water; then apply hydrochloric acid, and finally a tincture of sal ammoniac. Dry this in a dark place, and then oil and polish. The more dilute the solution, the lighter will be the tint of gray.

For light walnut, two coats are to be given of a solution of one part of permanganate of potash in thirty parts of distilled water. After the lapse of five minutes, this is washed with water, dried and polished. The solution acts most efficiently when freshly prepared.

For a darker walnut, the operation is to be continued after the application of the permanganate of potash, by treatment with acetate of iron, which brings out the dark veins.

For the preparation of a dark mahogany stain, to 15 grams of alkanet root chips add 30 grams of pulverized aloes, 30 grams of dragon's blood, and 500 grams of 90 per cent. alcohol; the whole placed in a glass vessel covered with a bladder, and kept in a warm place for three or four days, with frequent shaking. This should be subsequently filtered. The wood is first stained with nitric acid, and after drying it is treated with the above extract until the desired tint is obtained. It is then to be dried, oiled and polished. This is said to be especially suitable for floors.

A light mahogany stain is obtained in the same manner, excepting that a single application to the wood is sufficient. By the use of acetate of iron, the appearance of the fibres of the genuine mahogany can be obtained.—*Amateur Worker.*

Brown Bettles.—Having seen in the Fireside Chat an inquiry from "Jennie Wren" for Brown Bettles, I am delighted to contribute a recipe for them: One cupful Indian meal, two cupfuls rye meal, one egg, one teaspoonful cream tartar, one-half teaspoonful soda, one large teaspoonful molasses; mix with cold milk about as thick as pound cake; drop in hot lard and fry.—*Cock Robin.*

Kentucky Corn Cake.—There are so many recipes for corn cake, it is difficult to tell which is the one desired by "Eastern Girl," but I send one given to me by a Kentucky friend:

Take one quart of corn meal and two tablespoonfuls of common wheat flour (not prepared); add salt to taste and mix thoroughly with a sufficient quantity of buttermilk to form a batter. Next melt a heaping tablespoonful of lard, stir it with the batter well, and bake in a hot griddle, pouring them thin. By this recipe the full flavor of the corn meal is obtained, unmixed with molasses, which many people mistakenly deem necessary to cause the cakes to bake brown.

Can any one of the readers of the Fireside Chat send me a recipe for white soup?—*Pen-feather.*

Will some one send me a recipe for "trifles," made with flour and eggs?—*Columbine.*

If any one of your contributors have a recipe for potato muffins, will they please send it to—*Pansy.*

Have any one of your contributors ever prepared fine hashed chicken with cream, will they please send the recipe to—*Old Subscriber.*

Will some one give me some suggestions for fancy "catch alls?"—*Ignoramus.*

Will some one suggest some pretty design for wall pockets, and oblige—*Far West.*

Will some of the Chat contributors give some suggestions for making a shoe-box, and oblige—*Frontier Home.*

CARE OF POULTRY.—The season for eggs is close at hand. Have the hen-house thoroughly renovated and whitewashed inside, including all nests and roosts. Lice are the great enemy of hens, and it is probable that they are the cause of cholera in chickens. Renovate with lime, ashes, carbolic acid, etc.

ANSWERS TO ALL INQUIRERS.

NITA, (Herkimer, N. Y.)—The eyelashes occasionally fall and grow again. In some cases—if they fall from disease of any kind—they do not grow again.

SEALSKIN, (St. Clair, Ala.)—Raymond signifies pure peace; Laura, crowned with laurels; Frank, indomitable; Henrietta, a heroine; Emily, winning in manner.

H. B., (Marion, Mo.)—Parents have no legal power to compel their daughters to marry against their inclination. Youths of both sexes are of age at twenty-one.

J. P., (Lamar, Texas.)—You are not obliged to accept the gentleman's arm when he offers it. Some trifling excuse, such as having to hold your dress, would be sufficient.

GABRIELLE, (Gilmer, W. Va.)—It is not possible to learn to speak a foreign language without verbal instruction. You may learn to read and write correctly without a tutor.

CONSTANT, (Platte, Neb.)—Swedenborg was the most celebrated mystic of the eighteenth century. His works are so numerous that we cannot possibly undertake to give a list of them.

GRAHAM, (Hardin, Iowa.)—Many persons of twenty years of age wear false teeth. If the teeth decay from fever or any other cause it is much better to have false ones than to be without, as there is no greater disfigurement than loss of teeth.

DOLORES, (Pike, Ind.)—An revoir is pronounced oh-rev-voir, as nearly as we can give it; you should not risk the pronunciation of French sentences unless you have heard them pronounced by some educated person; the meaning is: "to see again."

SILVERTHORN, (Clay, Ind.)—The giving of an engagement ring is not an absolute rule, for many marriages take place without it. If your lover has promised to marry you it constitutes an engagement. Your writing is very good. Petite is pronounced "petect."

DAISY, (Chester, Pa.)—For family use each person has a different serviette ring, and it is usual to fold, roll up and place the serviette in the ring before leaving the table. Guests usually leave their loosely on the table, as one would not think of giving a soiled serviette to another person to use.

PARTY, (Westmoreland, Pa.)—Any lively Scotch tune answers admirably for Sir Roger De Coverley. There is a dance music composed called "Sir Roger De Coverley." 2. You need merely bow; unless you expect to become on very familiar terms it is not necessary to shake hands or make any remark.

MAGGIE, (Rock, Wis.)—If you really think the gentleman is engaged to another lady while he still pays attention to you, you ought to tell him at once that he must discontinue his visits. Indeed you never ought to have continued to receive them from the moment that you had reason for the suspicion.

FERN, (Okitibbeha, Miss.)—Opium is the juice of the poppy, and as there are many varieties of the poppy so too are there many kinds of opium. This juice on being dried in the sun becomes a dark color, thickens, and forms a brown, firm paste; this is opium. Laudanum is a solution of opium in alcohol and water.

G. L. G., (Pike, Ind.)—It is recorded in the "Affiches de Provence," June, 1827, that an adder was found alive in the centre of a block of marble thirty feet in diameter. It was folded nine times round in a spiral line; it was incapable of supporting the air and died a few minutes afterwards. Upon examining the stone, not the smallest trace was to be found by which it could have glided in or received air.

INQUIRER, (Shiawassee, Mich.)—1. We will send the title of the book you want, and the place where it may be procured by postal card. 2. Sleeping car berths, as a rule, should be engaged at the depot. It is very likely however that they could be secured on the train. The difference between first and second-class passage is mainly in the price and the superior conveniences attending the traveler.

MORGAN, (Powell, Ky.)—Capital punishment is still in force in England, but not in the way you mention. It was in 1733 that the last man was pressed to death at Horsham for obstinately refusing to plead when placed upon his trial at Lewes Assizes. The weights placed upon the unhappy man were gradually increased to a total of 350 pounds, when the executioner completed his task by adding his own weight, 225 pounds.

LEWIS, (Darke, Ohio.)—After a soldier is sworn in he gets his uniform, and from that time for the first two years draws $13 a month pay. In the third year he receives $14 a month; in the fourth, $15; and the fifth $16 a month; but all above $13 is kept back, so that at the end of his service, if he has not forfeited any of his surplus, there are $72 coming to him. It may be, though, that he may have been locked up too often; may have been disorderly, or something of the sort, and then he forfeits the amount. If a soldier re-enlists within thirty days of his discharge his pay is raised to $16 per month, and $1 per month of this is kept back as a saving fund.

P. PEPPER, (Phila., Pa.)—The authorship of the old play "Gammer Gurton's Needle" is involved in doubt. Bishop Still is usually credited with it. It is a pity however to allow this statement to remain. Although it is common to attribute the old comedy to Still, the evidence that he was the author is exceedingly slight, resting entirely on the fact that on the title page it was stated to be made by Mr. S., Master of Arts, and in the edition of 1575 that it was played on the stage not long ago in Christ's College, Cambridge. Bishop Still was born in 1543, and if the comedy was written by him and printed in 1575, he must have been not only an author but also a Master of Arts at the early age of eight years.

B. H. K. (Gratiot, Mich.)—The longer we live the shorter does time appear. The theory of this we take to be as follows: The old are more familiar with time than the young; they have passed through a greater portion of it and by thus becoming habituated to its progression, think less of any given quantity. A year is a great period to a child, because compared with its previous existence it embraces a long era; to the aged it is as nothing. A person accustomed to walk forty miles a day, thinks little of ten, another whose diurnal walk does not exceed three, conceives ten a formidable task. To illustrate the point still further; to a poor man a guinea is a great deal of money; to a rich man fifty times that sum is comparatively nothing.

KERAMIC, (Dauphin, Pa.)—The sale-dur, or hard paste, porcelain is made of pure white clay, called Kaolin, which is formed from the decomposition of feldspathic rocks, and the ware is glazed with the same substance in a more advanced state of decomposition. The Chinese, Japanese, German, French, and American porcelains are hard paste. The Pates-tendres, or soft pastes, are formed of essentially the same body, that is, Kaolin, but are glazed with a vitreous or glass-like mixture, artificially composed, and which may contain clay, sand, alkali, glass, lead, borax, and in the English porcelain, bone ash, in the form of calcined bones. The Worcester, Chelsea, Vincennes, Old Sevres, Derby, and modern Hartland Pate-tendre, are the best examples of the soft or artificial porcelains.

S. T., (Floyd, Va.)—A letter to an editor, be it ever so well written, strange as it may appear, furnishes no proof of the ability of the writer. We have known hundreds of most agreeable and rhetorical correspondents, who could not, to save their lives, produce a readable sketch or essay, though all have attempted, presuming upon their talent as letter-writers. Good, apt, brilliant conversationalists cannot always write brilliantly, or even readably, it being in many instances next to impossible to embody on paper the effervescence of a conversation which when analyzed, constitutes its fascination. Exquisite metaphor, refined witticisms, satirical reparlee, seem to flow as easily from some lips as the most stupid common-places from others; and yet these fluent talkers are not as likely to become pleasant and popular writers as those less gifted conversationally.

HERDRICKS, (Harrisburg, Pa.)—Nicholas Rowe, who was poet laureate of England from 1715 to 1718, was a rich and prosperous author, a good man, and an intimate friend of Pope and Prior. He wrote seven plays. The best known are "Jane Shore" and "Fair Penitent." Rowe was the first to undertake an edition of Shakspeare upon true critical and philological principles. The term "poet-laureate" is said to have had its origin in the custom of the English universities in the Middle Ages of giving a laurel wreath to those graduates who would undertake to compose a poem of one hundred verses on some stated subject. They were called poeta-laur eati. The origin of the office poet-laureate is obscured in doubt. Selden investigated the matter and was unable to find any authenticated origin. The first laureate of whom we read is Walo, called the "Versificator," who wrote a panegyric on Henry I.

ELLWOOD, (Crawford, Mo.)—Of all the decimal United States coins the most valuable is the silver dollar of 1804, which is exceedingly rare. Specimens are worth from $500 to $1,000 each, according to the nearness to which they approach perfection. The coinage of this year was very limited, and there were no more dollars coined until 1836. Proofs of the last-named year are worth $10, and good examples $5. There was nothing done in dollars in 1837, and the issues of 1838 and 1839 are rare enough to raise the quotation for good specimens to $40 each. From that date forward to 1873, when the trade dollar came in, there is no break in the line of dollars, but from 1850 to 1858, they are quoted as rare or scarce—those of 1851 and 1852 being worth $35 or $40 each. Previous to 1804 the value of a good specimen varies from $175 for 1798, to $5 for 1801, save that for the first date of all (1794)—which is very rare—brings $50. Some of the early dates are made peculiarly valuable by reason of variation in the number and style of stars, etc., there being three